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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE FRONTIER TROOPER'S THANATOPSIS.—From the Painting by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 282.]

"By far the choicest juvenile weekly."—*Philadelphia Press.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for April 9th contains the second instalment of the new serial story for boys, entitled "Dorymates," by KIRK MUNROE, *and the conclusion of "Captain Polly."*

"School-Days of the Presidents" is the title of a short series of articles by GEORGE J. MANSON, *the first of which appears in this number.* JOHN ADAMS, JEFFERSON, MADISON, *and* MONROE *are the subjects of this first article, the school-days of* WASHINGTON *having been treated at length in a recent article by* WILLIAM F. CARNE.

Two engravings after recent paintings adorn the number—"The Belle of the School," by S. J. GUY, *and "Spring-Time on the Downs," by* J. T. ERRAZURIS.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1889.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE MORAL OF A LATE INCIDENT.

THE HALSTEAD "incident" has been improved in many ways, and several things may be regarded as demonstrated. One is that although ribald and reckless vituperation and general intemperance of speech cannot be held to prove the power and habit of self-restraint and of careful and accurate statement which are indispensable in the sphere of diplomacy, yet that this was not the reason of the rejection. No more signal illustration of wanton personal abuse could be found than that which the *North American Review* has furnished in its treatment of the late Secretary of State, Mr. BAYARD. But its responsible editor has been confirmed by the Senate as Minister to Russia without hesitation. It is now demonstrated that Senators do not regard the most reckless denunciation of a Democratic Secretary as disqualifying a man for high honors, but that they consider the same denunciation proof of fatal unfitness for public trusts when it is directed against Senators. This is a view which does not deepen public respect for the Senate. But, on the other hand, neither Mr. HALSTEAD nor his friends can be really surprised that any Senator who secured and holds his seat honestly, and without connivance at fraud or knowledge of it, should be indisposed to vote to honor a man who has done his utmost falsely to dishonor him as a corruptionist.

Another point which is also clearly demonstrated is that the necessary tendency of the Executive and Senatorial action in showering high official honors upon the editorial fraternity is to discourage the independence of the press. It seems ungracious for a journal to draw this moral from the honors which so many of its brethren have received, but the conclusion is wholly irrespective of persons. A free press is the great bulwark of free institutions. But the press is not free, in the broad sense of independence, if it wears the yoke of a party. A party organ, that is to say, a paper which upholds and defends every man and every measure which receives the "regular" party approval, without regard to character or purpose, is as abject a slave as Gurth to Cedric. Such an organ is the mere echo of a party majority, however secured. But the fact of the great multitude of such journals makes all the more important the careful fostering of really independent journalism, that is, journalism which, although its sympathies with a party principle or purpose may be strong, still judges men and measures independently. It is this which is the bulwark of popular institutions. Whatever tends to destroy this kind of independence, to intensify party spirit, and to brutalize party despotism still more, is a serious public misfortune, because it is a blow at the real independence or freedom of the press.

It is a just cause of regret that the present administration seems to be unmindful of this fact. To select local village editors as postmasters, and to confer the great official honors of the government upon the editors of large and leading journals, is to proclaim that unquestioning party servility in the press leads to official reward. It is useless to compare editors with stump-orators. Editors by their vocation are constant, permanent critics and censors of public affairs and men. Stump-orators are advocates for special occasions. If their side wins, they cease to be advocates or to address the public, and the honor which falls to them is a reward. But the editor's duty is unchanged, and the honor which falls to him is a bribe to others. We repeat, if his journal be a mere organ, its character no doubt will be unchanged. But the independence of the press is necessarily assailed by a promise and prospect of great rewards for abjuring independence. Many of the gentlemen of the press who have been selected for honorable office are of the highest personal character, and will undoubtedly prove to be admirable public officers. But that fact, of course, does not alter the fact that real independence of the press is incompatible with the desire and the acceptance of public office. The Indianapolis *Journal*, whose proprietor has just been appointed to an office both highly honorable and lucrative, is greatly mistaken in supposing that the view which we have stated implies that the tender of office to an editor is no honor. On the contrary it is the unquestionable fact of the honor which proves the justice of the view.

THE RACE QUESTION IN OHIO.

OHIO was always an antislavery stronghold. The Western Reserve was a nursery of sound sentiment, and the State was the home of CHASE and GIDDINGS. Indeed it is from Ohio that a rather jealous protest has issued against the claim of New England to have been the base of the antislavery movement—a protest all the more earnest and stringent from the fact that the project of settling Ohio was a Massachusetts "notion" a hundred years ago. Indeed the State has often seemed a kind of Massachusetts of the West, and no State has impressed itself more definitely upon our later history. Yet in this freedom-loving, antislavery State it is but very recently that the laws have recognized the equality of the colored citizens with the white, while in no Northern State is the feeling and antipathy of race stronger than in some parts of Ohio. This fact has given a slight absurdity to the diatribes of Governor FORAKER against the Southern feeling for the negro. Equal rights and friendly feeling may be said, like charity, to begin at home, and it is not for a citizen of Ohio to enlarge too copiously or warmly upon the treatment of colored citizens elsewhere.

Some two years ago we called attention to the singular fact that "the black laws" of Ohio were only then to be repealed, and to the treatment of colored school-children in one of the counties of the State. The schools had been opened by law to both colors without discrimination, but in that county public opinion lagged far behind the law. The affair passed from notice at the time, but the persistence of the race prejudice is now reported from Clermont County, where, in the town of New Richmond, the colored children occupied separate rooms in the school-house. But a colored parent, exercising his rights, sent his children to the rooms of the white children, where they were so maltreated that he appealed to the courts for redress, suing the superintendent and thirteen citizens for $5000 damages. The court decided in his favor, and gave him one cent damages and costs. Emboldened by this decision, other colored parents sent their children to the rooms of the white pupils, and the consequent disturbance was so great that the School Board has closed the school for the remaining three months of the school year. The judgment of the court shows the popular sense of justice toward the colored people, and the town is greatly excited. This is the situation which, if it existed in a Southern State, would cause us to hear that all that is asked is nothing extravagant, but simply that the negroes shall have the rights guaranteed by law, and that nothing is sought but the acknowledged equality of American citizens.

This is a fair demand, and yet, as may be seen and felt in Ohio, it is difficult under certain circumstances to yield a cheerful acquiescence even to the law. Race prejudice is one of the most subtle but powerful of feelings and influences. Governor FORAKER and his school of politicians denounce it unsparingly when it manifests itself in the form of suppressing the vote. But the feeling in certain parts of the Southern States is much more intelligible—we do not say justifiable—than in the town of New Richmond in Ohio. In Ohio it is mere prejudice. The community is in no way endangered by the association of colored and white children in school. It is solely a question of taste, of liking and disliking. But in a community where the question is of control of the local government and financial management by the most ignorant and politically unfit part of the population, it is a very different and much more vital question. The situation in Ohio will perhaps show to Governor FORAKER and his school that there are grave practical difficulties surrounding the question of quietly acquiescing in a condition like that of the MOSES régime in South Carolina, and that there are occasions, not for justifying wrongs, but for meditating the significance of the injunction that he who is without sin may cast the first stone.

A SENATOR'S VIEW.

A LETTER from Washington in the New York *Sun* states that a Senator, in speaking of the rejection of Mr. HALSTEAD'S nomination, said of the President:

> "He has rejected our nominees, and we have just as good a right to reject his. Under the Constitution the Senate shares the responsibility of the appointing power with the President. We advise and consent that certain persons shall be appointed to office. I have been up to the White House and nominated half a dozen men, and the President has rejected them all. I don't see why he should be mad because I simply oppose the confirmation of one of his nominees."

The Senate of the United States is in great danger of losing public respect because of its evident tendency to become a club of rich men, and because of such singular ignorance upon the part of some of its members as this report indicates. This Senator says that he has been up to the White House and nominated half a dozen men. Where did he get the authority to do it? The Constitution says plainly

> "he" [the President] "shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint,"

all officers of the United States whose appointment is not otherwise provided for in the Constitution. But nowhere in the Constitution or in the laws is the nomination of any such officer given to the Senate or to any Senator. On the contrary, the Constitution, having specifically given the power of nomination to the President alone, carefully provides that all appointments the method of which it does not specify may be vested by Congress in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments, but in no case whatever in the Senate or in Senators.

This absolute exclusion of the Senate from all other participation in appointments than advising and consenting was not an accident, but carefully designed. Even the strictly guarded admission of the Senate to this function was deprecated by JOHN ADAMS, with that profound sagacity which distinguished him among all our political fathers. He said to ROGER SHERMAN:

> "A Senator of great influence will be naturally ambitious and desirous of increasing his influence. Will he not be under a temptation to use his influence with the President as well as his brother Senators to appoint persons to office in the several States who will exert themselves in elections to get out his enemies or opposers both in Senate and House of Representatives, and to get in his friends, perhaps his instruments?....In this point of view I am very apprehensive that this defect in our Constitution will have an unhappy tendency to introduce corruption of the grossest kinds both of ambition and avarice into all our elections."

JOHN ADAMS distinctly foresaw a Senator going up to the White House to nominate half a dozen men who would get up at midnight and ride forty miles upon his errands, and if the President rejected them he would "get even" with the refractory Executive by voting against the men whom he should nominate. It is a disgrace to the Senate and to the country that a Senator should gravely claim that the selection of public officers is a game of give and take between the President and Senators. It is an illustration also of the kind of man that now reaches the Senate, and of the character of motives that govern Senatorial action.

President GRANT once nominated a person for a judgeship who was in every way qualified for the office, but one of the Senators from his State had a candidate of his own. The plain constitutional duty of the Senate was to consider the nomination solely upon its merits. But the Senator appealed to what Mr. RICHARD SMITH in the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* calls "that thing called the courtesy of the Senate," which in this case meant agreement to do what the Senator might request, instead of considering the character and the qualifications of the President's nominee, and after a long contest the President was obliged to withdraw the nomination. The courtesy of the Senate in this instance, as in all similar cases, was sheer usurpation. It claimed and claims the power of nomination which is given by the Constitution exclusively to the President. The bargaining and corruption which JOHN ADAMS foresaw necessarily follow. The constitutional intent, the scope of a Senator's oath, are all spurned in the fight for the spoils of place. The same Senator whom the *Sun's* correspondent describes continues his remarks by saying:

> "There is QUAY, for example. The President is going to reject his nomination for Postmaster at Philadelphia, and I reckon that QUAY is a great deal more anxious that BILL LEEDS should be Postmaster at Philadelphia than the President was that MURAT HALSTEAD should be Minister at Berlin. If the President refuses to advise and consent to the appointment of BILL LEEDS, I don't see why he should complain if QUAY refuses to advise and consent to the appoinment of HALSTEAD."

This is a Senatorial conception of constitutional duty under the spoils system. How do intelligent Americans like it? And how does the President like the result of putting his constitutional prerogative at the disposition of members of Congress?

THE INDIAN COMMISSIONERSHIP.

THE Indian Rights Association, of which Mr. HERBERT WELSH is Secretary, by long and patient and wholly unselfish personal observation and study, and complete familiarity with all its details, understands the Indian question more completely than any official authority in the country. It views the question, not as one of sentiment or of politics, but of simple intelligence and national duty. The just and wise conduct of our Indian relations depends necessarily in very great part upon the Commissioner for Indian Affairs, and the abominable outrages which have disgraced that service are due chiefly to indifference and political and personal scheming in the Indian Bureau.

A few months ago President CLEVELAND appointed Mr. OBERLY Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Every detail of his management, its spirit and its result, are all known to the Indian Rights Association. The

character of the agents, the social condition of the reservations, the treatment of the Indians, the general good faith and efficiency of the Indian administration, are within the knowledge of the Association, as they are not and cannot be known to the new President or to the new Secretary of the Interior, however just and friendly may be their disposition. The Association, thus exceptionally qualified to judge, and influenced by no conceivable political or selfish motive, upon full knowledge of the facts, is of opinion that Indian affairs have never been managed with more uprightness and ability, and upon sounder and safer principles, than by Mr. OBERLY, and it has procured an imposing array of names asking for his continuance in office.

Mr. TELLER, ex-Secretary of the Interior, in a letter to Mr. WELSH, warmly opposes the reappointment of Mr. OBERLY, and states in detail the grounds of his opposition. They are that Mr. OBERLY, as Superintendent of Indian Schools, recommended a political change of all superintendents and teachers, in consequence of which the schools have retrograded; and secondly, that Mr. OBERLY did not oppose the Oklahoma bill. Mr. TELLER'S letter was shown to Mr. OBERLY, and his reply is an absolute and complete disposition of Mr. TELLER'S errors. Not only did not Mr. OBERLY, as Superintendent of Indian Schools, advise the discharge of superintendents and teachers, but he sought to retain every competent employé, without the slightest regard to politics, and in cases of vacancy secured competent successors solely on grounds of fitness and capacity. He quotes his official letters and circulars at the time and his speech at the Mohonk Conference, which fully establish the truth of his statement. The changes were made despite his earnest recommendations, and no fair man can honestly hold Mr. OBERLY responsible for the condition which Mr. TELLER describes, and which Mr. OBERLY and Mr. WELSH deprecate as deeply as the ex-Secretary. Mr. WELSH contributes his own testimony, based upon ample familiarity with the facts, in complete corroboration of Mr. OBERLY'S statement. In regard to the Oklahoma bill, Mr. OBERLY was not consulted, nor was he in any way responsible, and his view of it coincides with that of many of the best friends of the Indians. No intelligent man who wishes that the Indian Bureau shall be managed with proved ability, sagacity, and honesty, both for the honor of the country and the welfare of the Indians, but must earnestly desire the reappointment of Mr. OBERLY.

OPEN THE DOORS.

JUST before the adjournment of the Senate Mr. TELLER offered a simple resolution, "that hereafter all executive nominations shall be considered in open session of the Senate." He did not ask for immediate action, but wished the resolution to be referred to the Committee on Rules, announcing that at the next session, should he live, he would press it in season and out of season. Mr. TELLER stated that he believed a vast majority of the people of the United States, irrespective of party, desired such a change of the practice. He was tired of giving his reasons in secret session for the vote which he gave, and reading entirely different and wrong reasons ascribed to him in the next day's papers. He said further that he had never expressed a sentiment nor given a vote in secret session which he would not give in the open Senate, and he believed that this was true of Senators generally. Mr. TELLER agreed that it was often desirable in considering questions of international relations to sit with closed doors. But there can be no sound reason for the secret discussion of nominations for office. Mr. TELLER was the chief opponent of Mr. HALSTEAD'S confirmation, and he is evidently willing that his reasons should be known of all men.

There are two conclusive arguments for opening the doors of the Senate for discussion upon appointments. One is that it requires every candidate to be able to stand the most general public scrutiny; the other is that this condition would foster the utmost care in making nominations. The plea which is urged by some Senators, that it would be cruel to expose the personal habits of a candidate for the postmastership at Squedunk, is exceedingly diverting when it is remembered that the personal habits and the details of his whole life, in the case of a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, are searched with electric lights by the whole country for five months before the election. Senators may be very sure that candidates and their friends and the Executive will be very careful to govern their action by the knowledge that everything will be placed in the focus of the fiercest light. Mr. TELLER says that there are often very strong and decisive reasons for the rejection of a candidate which the public does not know, but which it is entitled to know. Should his resolution be adopted, however, and the doors thrown open, the names of such candidates will seldom delay the Senate.

The change which the little resolution of Senator TELLER would effect would be a reform of the best kind. He is quite right in believing that it is a change generally desired, and the adoption of his resolution would prove that even the Senate is responsive to the movements of public opinion. The change would be a part of that administrative reform for which the country is ready, and the necessity for which has been produced by the gradual development of political methods. The general tendency of that development is to draw power from the people to a few organized persons, who, by controlling party action, succeed in commanding patronage, and subdue the executive and the legislature to their will. Opening the doors of the executive session is a step toward the people. A machine instinctively seeks secrecy, and as light is the best police, publicity is the best guarantee of political honesty. Mr. TELLER, in urging the passage of his resolution, may count upon the effective support of the press without regard to party.

THE SENATE AND JOHN BRIGHT.

ON the 9th of January, 1862, JOHN BRIGHT wrote to Mr. MOTLEY, our Minister to Austria:

"I hope all may go well. The whole human race has a deep interest in your success. The restoration of your Union and the freedom of the negro, or the complete control of what slavery may yet remain, are objects for which I hope with an anxiety not exceeded by that of any man not born on American soil, and my faith is strong that I shall see them accomplished."

"As for JOHN BRIGHT," said MOTLEY, "I hope one day to see a statue raised to him in Washington."

But when JOHN BRIGHT dies, more honored and beloved in America than any other European ever was except possibly LAFAYETTE, of whom by invitation of Congress JOHN QUINCY ADAMS delivered a eulogy in the Capitol, the Senate of the United States lays over a resolution of respect and regret, and immediately adjourns *sine die*. Simultaneously the Queen of England and the English naval officers on the Mediterranean station telegraph their sympathy with us in the loss of the American naval officers and men at Samoa.

Friendly Englishmen, who naturally wonder at the action of the Senate, may ponder JOHN BRIGHT'S remark about the British government during the war, and apply it to the refusal of the Senate:

"For there has been shown them [the Americans] no generosity such as became a friendly nation, and no sympathy with them in their great calamity. I must ask you, however, to understand that all Englishmen are not involved in this charge."

TRUTH AT A LATE DAY.

THE Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, one of the most devoted Republican organs, quotes General BINGHAM, Representative in Congress from the First Pennsylvania District, as saying of the overwhelming Republican pressure for office:

"This is due to the fact that it is generally believed that the last administration made a clean sweep in the departments, and that there are a great many places to fill. Now this is not the fact. A large proportion of those holding office in the departments were there when President ARTHUR went out of office."

The correspondent, alluding to President CLEVELAND, adds:

"The devil should be given his due, in the words of the old proverb, and it is worth while for office-seekers to look over these changes in the Treasury Department. They will find that there are comparatively few Democrats holding good offices."

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, one of the most independent and honorable Republican journals in the country, says of this statement:

"What the truth at this late day determines is that President CLEVELAND was a much better civil service reformer than he received credit for being, and that the more curiously and carefully his administration is considered in every respect, the more honorable and useful it appears."

THE ANNUAL ATTACK ON THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL FUND.

THE persistent attempt to pervert the public-school money to the aid of sectarian institutions, like the Roman Catholic Protectory, should be as persistently exposed and defeated. The only way to check and end this insidious effort is to show as constant and resolute a determination that the public money shall be devoted to public uses solely. The hope of the enemies of the public schools is to secure sectarian aid by tiring out their friends. The attack is made every year, but it is time that the Legislature showed that the inviolability of the school fund is an immutable policy of the State.

THE LATE JACOB SLEEPER.

"SOLID men of Boston," although an English and not an American phrase, has yet a definite local significance. No American city is of more historic interest or of more distinctive character than Boston, and it is largely derived from its "solid men," of whom JACOB SLEEPER, who recently died at the age of eighty-seven, was an admirable example. As his life showed, the solidity of Boston is based, not upon wealth, but upon the uses of wealth. In the annals of the city its rich men have been a class not only sagacious, industrious, and enterprising, but of that higher intelligence which is identical with public spirit, and seeks not only a private profit but the common welfare. Massachusetts is more proudly called by its citizens the Commonwealth than the State, and it is this feeling of common interest as a motive of action which makes Boston "solid."

This is illustrated not only by its steady, unshaken material progress, but by the dedication of its best ability and resources to its religious and educational and charitable enterprises. The early foundation of Harvard College by the Legislature and the gift from the minister JOHN HARVARD was an impulse whose force has been accelerated by time, not diminished. "The light on Beacon Hill has been a light to the country, lighting other lights and glowing always with public spirit and zeal for the Commonwealth." In such wise, as CARLYLE might say, has PAUL REVERE ridden in later days to the West and the South. The representatives of this spirit may have a certain local and provincial habit of feeling. But they have also strong individuality, indomitable will and force of character, courage, honorable pride, and unfailing self-reliance, but all subordinated to the advancement of the public weal.

Of such characteristics and tendencies, which make the solidity of Boston, the late Mr. SLEEPER was a signal example. From the moment when he gave to his church the first fifty dollars earned by his own exertions, up to the various and munificent and timely benefactions in which his wealth constantly flowed, in all his religious and other activities, in which he followed his own advice to a friend—"Do as much good as you can, and don't make a fuss about it"—Mr. SLEEPER illustrated those qualities in which it is pleasant to think that the solid Bostonian is the type of the true American. His unostentatious life, which was thus a public benefit, led him tranquilly to extreme age, and he died amid the affection of his kindred and the respect of the community, whose great and enduring possessions are the character, the works, and the memory of sturdy citizens like him.

"A SCANDAL AND A DISGRACE."

No two men in the country are better fitted to judge of the proper way to manage the postal service than ex-Postmaster-General JAMES, a Republican, who as postmaster of New York first gave that office its high character of thorough efficiency, and Postmaster HENDRIX, of Brooklyn, a Democrat, who has done the same good work in the Brooklyn post-office. In his recent striking and admirable article on the Railway Mail Service, Mr. JAMES emphasized strongly the desirability of excluding politics altogether from its control. Alluding to the article, Mr. HENDRIX wrote to Mr. JAMES:

"It will be one of my consolations in retiring from the office I hold that I have protected old and faithful men from the desolation and despair which the spoils system works. Surely the thirst for blood should be satisfied before the railway mail clerk or the poorly paid and consumptive assorter is reached."

Mr. JAMES replied:

"It is more than gratifying to me that you concur in my conclusions, and my only regret in reading your letter is that one who has in so short a time worked so complete a renovation in the postal service of Brooklyn should be relegated to private life. It is a scandal and a disgrace that the country should be deprived of your services. You have done more for Brooklyn than I ever deemed possible, and I believe her citizens fully appreciate the fact."

The truth which Mr. JAMES forcibly states is taking fast hold of the public mind. Why should the people of Brooklyn be deprived of the services of a most efficient postmaster because the President who appointed him has retired from office?

PERSONAL.

THE sword which was presented to Admiral FOOTE by the citizens of Brooklyn in 1862 has been stolen from the Historical Society's rooms at New Haven, Connecticut. It was valued at $3500, the hilt and scabbard being of gold studded with precious stones.

—One of the most successful lawyers at Atlanta, Georgia, is CHARLES H. J. TAYLOR, a negro, who began life as a boot-black. He formerly practised law in Boston.

—President HARRISON and Secretary BLAINE sent their congratulations to ELLIS N. JOHNSON when he celebrated his one-hundredth birthday at Mount Union, Ohio, the other day. He was the schoolmate of Mr. BLAINE'S parents in Pennsylvania, and his wife was at one time the Secretary's teacher. Mr. JOHNSON'S home was a great resort for escaping slaves during the war.

—The famous yacht *Mayflower* has been sold by her owner, E. D. MORGAN, to FRANCIS T. UNDERHILL, of Oyster Bay, Long Island, who will turn her into a schooner. The *Volunteer* and *Puritan*, the other Cup defenders, still remain first-class sloops.

—Mrs. HETTY GREEN, once one of the shrewdest operators in Wall Street, is perhaps the richest woman in America, her wealth being estimated to be anywhere from forty to fifty million dollars. She inherited ten millions from her father, EDWARD MOTT ROBINSON, who laid the foundation of his fortune in the whaling business, and this has grown to its present proportions through her judicious investments and careful saving. Her husband, E. H. GREEN, had coined money in the China trade before he married her, but his wealth is modest compared with hers. He is nearly six feet six inches tall. The couple have two children—a boy and a girl—and their place of residence is known to but few.

—Mr. DE BLOWITZ is generally credited with having performed the greatest journalistic feat on record—the advance publication of the Berlin Treaty in the London *Times* at the very hour that the document was being signed in Berlin. HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May will contain a portrait of him and the first authentic narrative of how the copy of the treaty fell into his hands. Mr. DE BLOWITZ is an Austro-Slav by birth, but has become a "naturalized Frenchman," who thinks that Catilina has reappeared in this century in the person of BOULANGER. As a young man Mr. DE BLOWITZ attracted the notice of the late LAURENCE OLIPHANT, and succeeded him as Paris correspondent of the London *Times*.

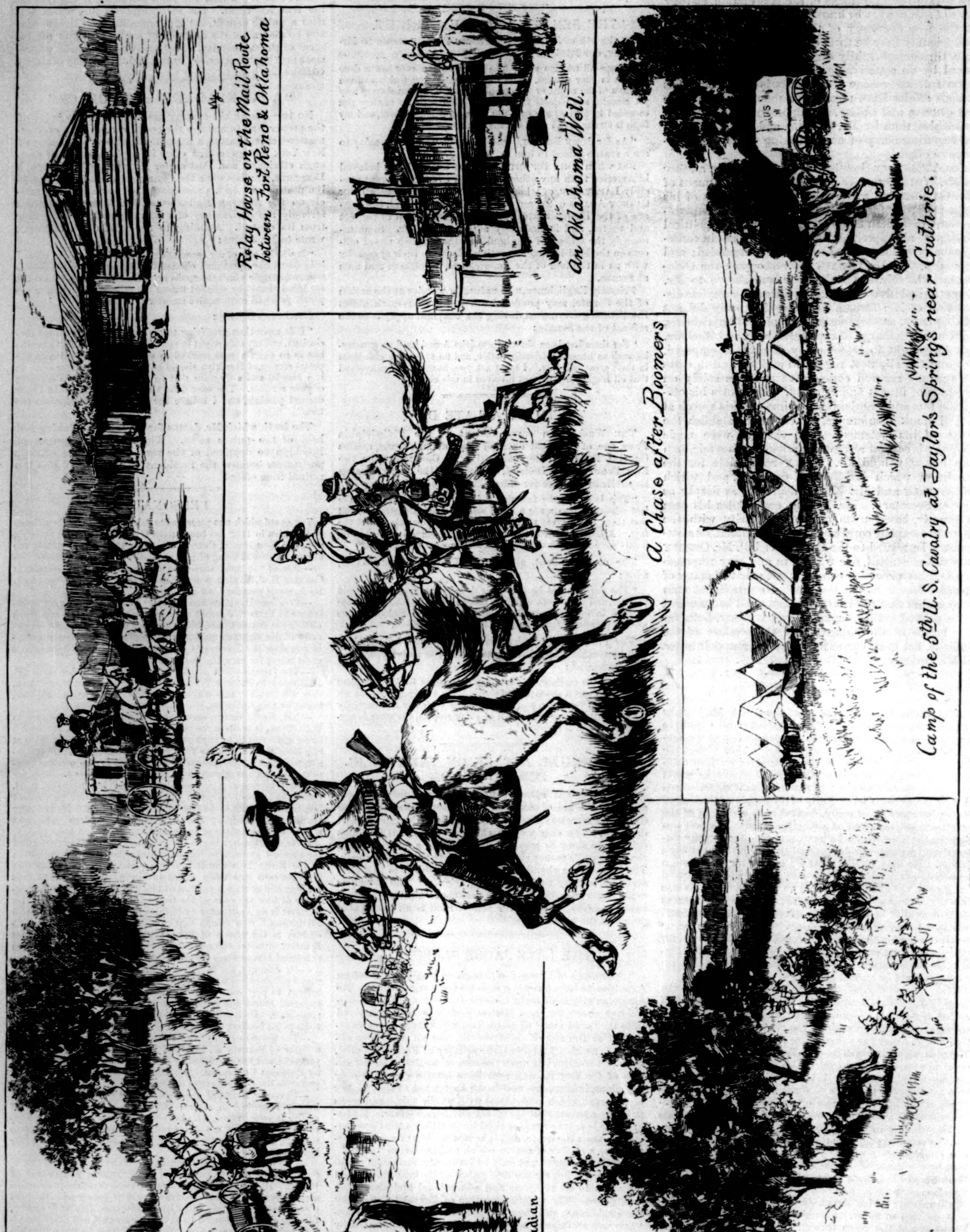
—Dr. JOACHIM, the famous violinist, the fiftieth anniversary of whose public career was generally observed in Germany last month, learned to play on a toy violin when he was five years old, and appeared before the public as a soloist for the first time three years later. He is still in the prime of life, and makes occasional visits to his brother, H. JOACHIM, in London.

—The postmaster at Clifton Springs is Mrs. SARAH A. GRANGER, a sister of STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. She is a widow, seventy-eight years old, and was appointed by President ARTHUR and reappointed by President CLEVELAND. A grandson of hers is her deputy, and performs the active services of the office.

—Governor BIGGS, of Delaware, owns a dozen peach farms, is heavily interested in several railroads, and is the possessor of wealth in other forms. He does not show this in his dress, however, for he wears a swallow-tail coat, low-cut vest, and wide trousers, all of the style of forty years ago, while a high white hat covers his head.

—The oldest Episcopal clergyman in Massachusetts, and one of the oldest in New England, is Rev. Dr. THOMAS R. LAMBERT, of Boston. He is nearly eighty years old, and has retired from active service, but his mental faculties are well preserved. He held pleasant social relations with General JACKSON, DANIEL WEBSTER, EDWARD EVERETT, General CASS, Senator BENTON, and other prominent men of forty years ago. For twenty years he was a chaplain in the navy, and he has been a Freemason for nearly sixty years, the thirty-third degree being conferred on him in 1869.

—The "old leather man," a curious character, clad almost entirely in leather, who has tramped over portions of eastern New York and Connecticut for the last thirty years, has been found dead in his cave near Sing Sing. In his ceaseless wanderings he did occasional jobs of plumbing, never accepting anything but food or tobacco in return, while he always slept in barns. He was entirely harmless, and is said to have been made crazy by a love affair in France in 1856. As young and handsome JULES BOURGLAY he had won the heart of a wealthy leather merchant's daughter, and entered the merchant's employ to prove his worthiness. He speculated in leather, and when a crash in that commodity came his employer was impoverished and his own hopes were shattered. Poor BOURGLAY'S mind was unhinged by the shock, and he left the country, determined to always do penance by wearing leather.



OKLAHOMA SKETCHES.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 282.]

"March, when he had recovered his self-command a little in the presence of the agglomeration, comforted himself by calling the bric-à-brac Jamescracks, as if this was their full name."

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.

VII.

THEY went to a quiet hotel far down town, and took a small apartment which they thought they could easily afford for the day or two they need spend in looking up a furnished flat. They were used to staying at this hotel when they came on for a little outing in New York, after some rigid winter in Boston, at the time of the spring exhibitions. They were remembered there from year to year; the colored call-boys, who never seemed to get any older, smiled upon them, and the clerk called March by name even before he registered. He asked if Mrs. March were with him, and said then he supposed they would want their usual quarters; and in a moment they were domesticated in a far interior that seemed to have been waiting for them in a clean, quiet, patient disoccupation ever since they left it two years before. The little parlor, with its gilt paper and ebonized furniture, was the lightest of the rooms, but it was not very light at noonday without the gas, which the bell-boy now flared up for them. The uproar of the city came to it in a soothing murmur, and they took possession of its peace and comfort with open celebration. After all, they agreed, there *was* no place in the world so delightful as a hotel apartment like that; the boasted charms of home were nothing to it; and then the magic of its being always there, ready for any one, every one, just as if it were for some one alone: it was like the experience of an Arabian Nights hero come true for all the race.

"Oh, *why* can't we always stay here, just we two!" Mrs. March sighed to her husband, as he came out of his room rubbing his face red with the towel, while she studied a new arrangement of her bonnet and hand-bag on the mantel.

"And ignore the past? I'm willing. I've no doubt that the children could get on perfectly well without us, and could find some lot in the scheme of Providence that would really be just as well for them."

"Yes; or could contrive somehow never to have existed. I should insist upon that. If they *are*, don't you see that we couldn't wish them *not to be?*"

"Oh yes; I see your point; it's simply incontrovertible."

She laughed, and said: "Well, at any rate, if we can't find a flat to suit us, we can all crowd into these three rooms somehow, for the winter, and then browse about for meals. By the week we could get them much cheaper; and we could save on the eating, as they do in Europe. Or on something else."

"Something else, probably," said March. "But we won't take this apartment till the ideal furnished flat winks out altogether. We shall not have any trouble. We can easily find some one who is going South for the winter, and will be glad to give up their flat 'to the right party' at a nominal rent. That's my notion. That's what the Evanses did one winter when they came on here in February. All but the nominality of the rent."

"Yes, and we could pay a very good rent and still save something on letting our house. You can settle yourselves in a hundred different ways in New York; that *is* one merit of the place. But if everything else fails, we can come back to this. I want you to take the refusal of it, Basil. And we'll commence looking this very evening as soon as we've had dinner. I cut a lot of things out of the *Herald* as we came on. See here!"

She took a long strip of paper out of her hand-bag with minute advertisements pinned transversely upon it, and forming the effect of some glittering nondescript vertebrate.

"Looks something like the sea-serpent," said March, drying his hands on the towel, while he glanced up and down the list. "But we sha'n't have any trouble. I've no doubt there are half a dozen things there that will do. You haven't gone uptown? Because we must be near the *Every Other Week* office."

"No; but I *wish* Mr. Fulkerson hadn't called it that! It always makes one think of 'jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day,' in *Through the Looking-glass.* They're all in this region."

They were still at their table, beside a low window, where some sort of never-blooming shrub symmetrically balanced itself in a large pot, with a leaf to the right and a leaf to the left and a spear up the middle, when Fulkerson came stepping square-footedly over the thick dining-room carpet. He wagged in the air a gay hand of salutation at sight of them, and of repression when they offered to rise to meet him; then, with an apparent simultaneity of action, he gave a hand to each, pulled up a chair from the next table, put his hat and stick on the floor beside it, and seated himself.

"Well, you've burnt your ships behind you, sure enough," he said, beaming his satisfaction upon them from eyes and teeth.

"The ships are burnt," said March, "though I'm not sure we did it alone. But here we are, looking for shelter, and a little anxious about the disposition of the natives."

"Oh, they're an awful peaceable lot," said Fulkerson. "I've been round amongst the caciques a little, and I think I've got two or three places that will just suit you, Mrs. March. How did you leave the children?"

"Oh, how kind of you! Very well, and very proud to be left in charge of the smoking wrecks."

Fulkerson naturally paid no attention to what she said, being but secondarily interested in the children at the best. "Here are some things right in this neighborhood, within gunshot of the office, and if you want you can go and look at them to-night; the agents gave me houses where the people would be in."

"We will go and look at them instantly," said Isabel. "Or, as soon as you've had coffee with us."

"Never do," Fulkerson replied. He gathered up his hat and stick. "Just rushed in to say Hello, and got to run right away again. I tell you, March, things are humming. I'm after those fellows with a sharp stick all the while to keep them from loafing on my house, and at the same time I'm just bubbling over with ideas about *The Lone Hand*—wish we *could* call it that!—that I want to talk up with you."

"Well, come to breakfast," said Isabel, cordially.

"No; the ideas will keep till you've secured your lodge in this vast wilderness. Good-by."

"You're as nice as you can be, Mr. Fulkerson," she said, "to keep us in mind when you have so much to occupy you."

"I wouldn't have *any*thing to occupy me if I *hadn't* kept you in mind, Mrs. March," said Fulkerson, going off upon as good a speech as he could apparently hope to make.

"Why, Basil," said Mrs. March, when he was gone, "he's charming! But now we mustn't lose an instant. Let's see where the places are." She ran over the half-dozen agents' permits. "Capital—first-rate—the very thing—every one. Well, I consider ourselves settled! We can go back to the children to-morrow if we like, though I rather think I should like to stay over another day and get a little rested for the final pulling up that's got to come. But this simplifies everything enormously, and Mr. Fulkerson is as thoughtful and as sweet as he can be. I know you will get on well with him. He has such a good heart. And his attitude toward you, Basil, is beautiful always—so respectful; or not that so much as appreciative. Yes, appreciative—that's the word; I must always keep that in mind."

"It's quite important to do so," said March.

"Yes," she assented, seriously; "and we must not forget just what kind of flat we are going to look for. The *sine qua nons* are an elevator and steam heat, not above the third floor, to begin with. Then we must each have a room, and you must have your study and I must have my parlor; and the two girls must each have a room. With the kitchen and dining-room, how many does that make?"

"Ten."

"I thought eight. Well, no matter. You can work in the parlor, and run into your bedroom when anybody comes; and I can sit in mine, and the girls must put up with one, if it's large and sunny, though I've always given them two at home. And the kitchen must be sunny, so they can sit in it. And the rooms must *all* have outside light. And the rent must not be over eight hundred for the winter. We only get a thousand for our whole house, and we *must* save something out of that, so as to cover the expenses of moving. Now, do you think you can remember all that?"

"Not the half of it," said March. "But *you* can; or if you forget a third of it, I can come in with my partial half, and more than make it up."

She had brought her bonnet and sack down-stairs with her, and was transferring them from the hat-rack to her person while she talked. The friendly door-boy let them into the street, and the clear October evening air inspirited her so that as she tucked her hand under her husband's arm and began to pull him along, she said, "If we find something right away—and we're just as likely to get the right flat soon as late; it's all a lottery—we'll go to the theatre somewhere."

She had a moment's panic about having left the agents' permits on the table, and after remembering that she had put them into her little shopping bag, where she kept her money (each note crushed into a round wad), and had left that on the hat-rack, where it would certainly be stolen, she found it on her wrist. She did not think that very funny, but after a first impulse to inculpate her husband, she let him laugh, while they stopped under a lamp, and she held the permits half a yard away to read the numbers on them.

"Where are your glasses, Isabel?"

"On the mantel in our room, of course."

"Then you ought to have brought a pair of tongs."

"I wouldn't get off second-hand jokes, Basil," she said; and "Why, here!" she cried, whirling round to the door before which they had halted, "this is the very number! Well, I do believe it's a sign!"

One of those colored men who soften the trade of janitor in many of the smaller apartment-houses in New York by the sweetness of their race, let the Marches in, or, rather, welcomed them to the possession of the premises by the bow with which he

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

acknowledged their permit. It was a large old mansion cut up into five or six dwellings; but it had kept some traits of its former dignity, which pleased people of their sympathetic tastes. The dark mahogany trim, of sufficiently ugly design, gave a rich gloom to the hallway, which was wide, and paved with marble; the carpeted stairs curved aloft through a generous space.

"There is no elevator?" Mrs. March asked of the janitor.

He answered, "No, ma'am; only two flights up," so winningly that she said,

"Oh!" in courteous apology, and whispered her husband as she followed lightly up, "We'll take it, Basil, if it's like the rest."

"If it's like him, you mean."

"I don't wonder they wanted to own them," she hurriedly philosophized. "If I had such a creature, nothing but death should part us, and I should no more think of giving him his *freedom*—"

"No; we couldn't afford it," returned her husband.

The apartment the janitor unlocked for them, and lit up from those chandeliers and brackets of gilt brass in the form of vine bunches, leaves, and tendrils in which the early gas-fitter realized most of his conceptions of beauty, had rather more of the ugliness than the dignity of the hall. But the rooms were large, and they grouped themselves in a reminiscence of the time when they were part of a dwelling, that had its charm, its pathos, its impressiveness. Where they were cut up into smaller spaces, it had been done with the frankness with which a proud old family of fallen fortunes practises its economies. The rough pine floors showed a black border of tack heads where carpets had been lifted and put down for generations; the white paint was yellow with age; the apartment had light at the front and at the back, and two or three rooms had glimpses of the day through small windows let into their corners; another one seemed lifting an appealing eye to heaven through a glass circle in its ceiling; the rest must darkle in perpetual twilight. Yet something pleased in it all, and Mrs. March had gone far to adapt the different rooms to the members of her family, when she suddenly thought (and for her to think was to say), "Why, but there's no steam heat!"

"No, ma'am," the janitor admitted; "but dere's grates in most o' de rooms, and dere's furnace heat in de halls."

"That's true," she admitted, and having placed her family in the apartments, it was hard to get them out again. "Could we manage?" she referred to her husband.

"Why, *I* shouldn't care for the steam heat if—What is the rent?" he broke off to ask the janitor.

"Nine hundred, sir."

March concluded to his wife, "If it were furnished."

"Why, of course! What could I have been thinking of? We're looking for a furnished flat," she explained to the janitor, "and this was so pleasant and home-like that I never thought whether it was furnished or not."

She smiled upon the janitor, and he entered into the joke and chuckled so amiably at her flattering oversight on the way down-stairs that she said, as she pinched her husband's arm, "Now, if you don't give him a quarter, I'll never speak to you again, Basil!"

"I would have given half a dollar willingly to get you beyond his glamour," said March, when they were safely on the pavement outside. "If it hadn't been for my strength of character, you'd have taken an unfurnished flat without heat and with no elevator, at nine hundred a year, when you had just sworn me to steam heat, an elevator, furniture, and eight hundred."

"Yes! How could I have lost my head so completely?" she said, with a lenient amusement in her aberration which she was not always able to feel in her husband's.

"The next time a colored janitor opens the door to us, I'll tell him the apartment doesn't suit at the threshold. It's the only way to manage you, Isabel."

"It's true. I *am* in love with the whole race. I never saw one of them that didn't have perfectly angelic manners. I think we shall all be black in heaven—that is, black-souled."

"That isn't the usual theory," said March.

"Well, perhaps not," she assented. "Where are we going now? Oh yes, to the Xenophon!"

She pulled him gayly along again, and after they had walked a block down and half a block over, they stood before the apartment-house of that name, which was cut on the gas lamps on either side of the heavily spiked, æsthetic-hinged black door. The titter of an electric bell brought a large fat Buttons, with a stage effect of being dressed to look small, who said he would call the janitor, and they waited in the dimly splendid, copper-colored interior, admiring the whorls and waves into which the wall paint was combed, till the janitor came in his gold-banded cap, like a continental *portier*. When they said they would like to see Mrs. Grosvenor Green's apartment he owned his inability to cope with the affair, and said he must send for the superintendent; he was either in the Herodotus or the Thucydides, and would be there in a minute. The Buttons brought him—a Yankee of browbeating presence in plain clothes—almost before they had time to exchange a frightened whisper in recognition of the fact that there could be no doubt of the steam heat and elevator in this case. Half stifled in the one, they mounted in the other eight stories, while they tried to keep their self-respect under the gaze of the superintendent, which they felt was classing and assessing them with unfriendly accuracy. They could not, and they faltered abashed at the threshold of Mrs. Grosvenor Green's apartment, while the superintendent lit the gas in the gangway that he called a private hall, and in the drawing-room and the succession of chambers stretching rearward to the kitchen. Everything had been done by the architect to save space, and everything to waste it by Mrs. Grosvenor Green. She had conformed to a law for the necessity of turning round in each room, and had folding-beds in the chambers; but there her subordination had ended, and wherever you might have turned round she had put a gimcrack so that you would knock it over if you did turn. The place was rather pretty and even imposing at first glance, and it took several joint ballots for March and his wife to make sure that with the kitchen there were only six rooms. At every door hung a portière from large rings on a brass rod; every shelf and dressing-case and mantle was littered with gimcracks, and the corners of the tiny rooms were curtained off, and behind these portières swarmed more gimcracks. The front of the upright piano had what March called a short-skirted portière on it, and the top was covered with vases, with dragon candlesticks, and with Jap fans, which also expanded themselves bat-wise on the walls between the etchings and the water-colors. The floors were covered with filling, and then rugs, and then skins; the easy-chairs all had tidies, Armenian and Turkish and Persian; the lounges and sofas had embroidered cushions hidden under tidies. The radiator was concealed by a Jap screen, and over the top of this some Arab scarfs were flung. There was a superabundance of clocks. China pugs guarded the hearth; a brass sunflower smiled from the top of either andiron, and a brass peacock spread its tail before them inside a high filigree fender; on one side was a coal-hod in repoussé brass, and on the other a wrought-iron wood-basket. Some red Japanese bird-kites were stuck about in the necks of spelter vases, a crimson Jap umbrella hung opened beneath the chandelier, and each globe had a shade of yellow silk.

March, when he had recovered his self-command a little in the presence of the agglomeration, comforted himself by calling the bric-à-brac Jamescracks, as if this was their full name.

The disrespect he was able to show the whole apartment by means of this joke strengthened him to say boldly to the superintendent that it was altogether too small; then he asked carelessly what the rent was.

"Two hundred and fifty."

The Marches gave a start, and looked at each other.

"Don't you think we could make it do?" she asked him, and he could see that she had mentally saved five hundred dollars as the difference between the rent of their house and that of this flat. "It has some very pretty features, and we could manage to squeeze in, couldn't we?"

"You won't find another furnished flat like it for no two fifty a month in the whole city," the superintendent put in.

They exchanged glances again, and March said, carelessly, "It's too small."

"There's a vacant flat in the Herodotus for eighteen hundred a year, and one in the Thucydides for fifteen," the superintendent suggested, clicking his keys together as they sank down in the elevator; "seven rooms and a bath."

"Thank you," said March; "we're looking for a furnished flat."

They felt that the superintendent parted from them with repressed sarcasm.

"Oh, Basil, do you think we *really* made him think it was the smallness and not the dearness?"

"No; but we saved our self-respect in the attempt; and that's a great deal."

"Of course I *wouldn't* have taken it, anyway, with only six rooms, and so high up. But what prices! Now we must be very circumspect about the next place."

It was a janitress, large, fat, with her arms wound up in her apron, who received them there. Mrs. March gave her a succinct but perfect statement of their needs. She failed to grasp the nature of them, or feigned to do so. She shook her head, and said that her son would show them the flat. There was a radiator visible in the narrow hall, and Isabel tacitly compromised on steam heat without an elevator, as the flat was only one flight up. When the son appeared from below with a small kerosene hand-lamp, it appeared that the flat was unfurnished, but there was no stopping him till he had shown it in all its impossibility. When they got safely away from it and into the street, March said, "Well, have you had enough for to-night, Isabel? Shall we go to the theatre now?"

"Not on any account. I want to see the whole list of flats that Mr. Fulkerson thought would be the very thing for us." She laughed, but with a certain bitterness.

"You'll be calling him my Mr. Fulkerson next, Isabel."

"Oh no!"

The fourth address was a furnished flat without a kitchen, in a house with a general restaurant. The fifth was a furnished house. At the sixth a pathetic widow and her pretty daughter wanted to take a family to board, and would give them a private table at a rate which the Marches would have thought low in Boston.

Mrs. March came away tingling with compassion for their evident anxiety, and this pity naturally soured into a sense of injury. "Well, I must say I have completely lost confidence in Mr. Fulkerson's judgment. Anything more utterly different from what I told him we wanted I couldn't imagine. If he doesn't manage any better about his business than he has done about this, it will be a perfect failure."

"Well, well, let's hope he'll be more circumspect about that," her husband returned, with ironical propitiation. "But I don't think it's Fulkerson's fault altogether. Perhaps it's the house agents'. They're a very illusory generation. There seems to be something in the human habitation that corrupts the natures of those who deal in it, to buy or sell it, to hire or let it. You go to an agent and tell him what kind of a house you want. He has no such house, and he sends you to look at something altogether different, upon the well-ascertained principle that if you can't get what you want, you will take what you can get. You don't suppose the 'party' that took our house in Boston was looking for any such house? He was looking for a totally different kind of house in another part of the town."

"I don't believe that!" his wife broke in.

"Well, no matter. But see what a scandalous rent you asked for it!"

"We didn't get much more than half; and, besides, the agent told me to ask fourteen hundred."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you, Isabel. I'm only analyzing the house agent, and exonerating Fulkerson."

"Well, I don't believe he told them just what we wanted; and, at any rate, I'm done with agents. To-morrow, I'm going entirely by advertisements."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TROOPER'S THANATOPSIS.

The days of frontier warfare are nearly over. Perhaps the soldiers of our army will never again campaign against hostile Indian tribes. They have had their fill of hard marchings and harder fights against the barbarism of the plains, which has yielded so slowly to what we call the westward march of civilization. Now there are few tribes that are unsubdued, very few that can take the war-path against the horsemen of the United States army. But whether or not they have advanced the cause of civilization, whether or not history will justify the power behind them that propelled them forward, the cavalrymen of the army have performed splendid deeds of valor on the frontier, and deeds that have been unsung and unrewarded.

The skulls and bones of the troopers slain in Indian conflicts lie side by side with the skeletons of the slaughtered buffalo. The plains are not whitened with them, for the plains are so vast that the remains of armies might be lost amid their coarse grasses. But on the travelled tracks over which emigrant trains once made their toilsome way, through which the railway now rushes noisily, our troops have marched and ridden many a weary day, year in and year out, following the Indian as he was driven from one reservation to the other by advancing population, with its increasing demands of business, with its thousand and one exactions, which we call civilization. And all along these tracks lie the evidences of the bitter fatal battles that have been waged for the possession of the soil. The fight has been between the hunters and the settlers, between those who kill the game and those who cultivate the soil. The men who have fought for homes have won, but they have left their bones in the sage-bush and the buffalo-grass as mementos of the conflict which has been too distant and too petty to excite the interest of the battle-loving world, but which has been as real and dreadful to those who have engaged in it as the most stupendous struggles of the finest and largest armies.

The wars of the plains are nearly, if not quite, finished, but their most recent perils and triumphs are not so distant that they are not a distinct recollection of the trooper who pulls his beard in contemplation over the skull which lies at his feet. He is on the path of a long march or the ground of a deadly struggle. Perhaps he is near the spot where Custer and his men were massacred. Does he guess that the whited bone once held the brain of the comrade who stood by his side, or of the leader who urged him forward? Is he reflecting upon what his own fate might have been on the fatal day? Is it really a thanatopsis, or is it merely a reminiscence of the fray that has given him pause, and caused him to dismount and ponder on the lifeless casket? To all men, troopers or not, dull or imaginative, there come times when death is the regnant idea in their minds, and to a man who has faced the grim unknown on the field of battle nothing can be more suggestive than the skull which once held the living thought of one who stood by his side in the hour of supreme danger. Even the communing lover of nature, of whom the poet has sung, cannot be so impressed by the nearness of the untried future.

THE OKLAHOMA COUNTRY.

What is expected to be the greatest stampede of home-seekers ever known in the history of the great West will take place in the Indian Territory on the twenty-second day of this month. The recent proclamation of President Harrison in throwing open the Oklahoma lands to settlement, in conformity with newly made laws on the subject, has caused thousands of persons of all conditions of life to bundle their worldly possessions into wagons, and get under way for the promised land. It is estimated that fully twenty thousand persons are now camped outside of Oklahoma waiting for the day on which they may legally enter into possession of their new homes. Thousands of others are on their way there from Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, and Arkansas, and many others are expected. It is possible that from fifty to one hundred thousand persons will rush into the new country before the 1st of June. Enthusiastic prophets place the estimate much higher, but whatever the actual number may turn out to be, it is almost certain that the rush to Oklahoma will be more remarkable than any of the now historic mining excitements of the far West.

The cause for this state of things may be traced to two sources, the first and most important of which is the persistent work of the Oklahoma boomers, who for ten years past have kept up a constant clamor for the opening of the unoccupied lands in the Indian Territory. The other reason may be defined as the home-seeker's longing for that which the law forbade him to take. The constant demand of the boomers for the Indians' hunting-ground, and more than anything else the occasional organized raids into the forbidden country, brought this stretch of wild and unoccupied land more prominently before the public eye than any other section of territory in the United States. People gradually became imbued with the idea that the country which seemed to justify such unremitting clamor must be something really out of the ordinary run of agricultural land.

No one has disputed the excellent quality of the soil, or the value of the region for farming purposes. For that matter, persons of more than local repute have publicly asserted that the eastern part of the Indian Territory was the choicest stretch of country, for all the purposes of home-building, in the entire West. Ten years ago, while yet Kansas was in a painful state of newness, and before "Oklahoma" Payne had begun his memorable raids into Oklahoma, I was assured by men of judgment and repute that the best part of the United States had been reserved for a lot of dirty, lazy Indians. Many good Kansans and Missourians, who would not so much as take advantage of a stranger in a horse trade, begrudged the Indians this beautiful rolling prairie between Kansas and Texas. A vague sort of idea has been held that the Indians, no matter what their attainments in the way of the white man's civilization, should be removed to some inhospitable desert in the remote West, where they could be fed on government rations, and left to become extinct at their leisure. In connection with this matter it is only just to note that the Oklahoma boomers never laid claim to any lands in the Indian Territory other than Oklahoma, which they asserted was open to settlement because the Indians had transferred their title to it to the United States government. There is no doubt that the government's title to the land is perfect, although it was obtained by sharp practice little short of fraud and deception. Just after the war of the rebellion, the Seminole Indians, who owned the land, conveyed it to the United States, in consideration of a sum representing fifteen cents an acre, with the expressed understanding that the government wanted the land for the purposes of locating other Indians and freedmen upon it. In the light of subsequent events it is safe to say that the United States never had any such intention. Some freedmen did try to settle on the lands during the Oklahoma boom period, but they were driven off by the soldiers, who had instructions to keep the lands free of all intruders.

In every case of intrusion these instructions were faithfully carried out. Certain persons in Oklahoma, however, were not looked upon as intruders. They were the wealthy cattle owners, who built wire fences on the public lands, and acted as though they owned not only the Indian Territory and part of Texas, but the Senate and House of Representatives at Washington as well. The power of the cattle-men to regulate the affairs of the Indian country, or rather that part of it represented by Oklahoma, was not broken until a short time ago, when the boomers succeeded in getting Congress to open their coveted land to settlement. The boomers asked for a great deal more, which has not yet been granted them. They wanted a new Territory created out of all that part of the Indian Territory not actually occupied by the five civilized tribes of Indians—the Cherokees, the Creeks, the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, and the Seminoles. The proposed territory would include the Cherokee outlet, which is a large tract of land lying next to Kansas in the western half of the Indian country, the Oklahoma and adjoining lands, and the public land strip commonly called No Man's Land, which is an oblong piece of country that was overlooked when the mapping out of Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, the Pan Handle of Texas, and the Indian Territory was done. At present the neglected strip is veritably no man's land. In it there is no law, no government, and no punishment for crime. It has, in consequence, a rather motley lot of inhabitants.

The boomers of these various districts asked for a new Territory containing 23,267,719 acres, and they received only Oklahoma, which contains 1,887,800 acres. They were glad to get that, because they saw in this concession a wedge with which to pry open the rest of the Territory. Eventually the wedge will do its work, although before that work is finished the United States government may be compelled to settle the old Indian question anew. Certainly the presence of one or two hundred thousand aggressive white people in the heart of the Indian Territory will not give added peace and security to the Indian situation.

There seems to be good reason to expect serious trouble in Oklahoma soon after the day of opening. The boomers who have visited the lands and tried to make a settlement upon them will naturally think that their claims to quarter sections of land ought to have priority, although the President has plainly and expressly stipulated that the Oklahoma country cannot be legally entered before noon of the twenty-second day of April, and that any one found disregarding this warning will forfeit his right to land in the territory. This stipulation recognizes no claims of priority, but places the old boomer and the latest and freshest arrival upon the same footing. It cannot be expected that the experienced boomer will abandon his preconceived notions of priority to a mere tenderfoot from Kentucky. He is not that kind of person. He is more likely to maintain what he considers his rights with a revolver and repeating rifle. The thousands of boomers now waiting for the eventful day are exceedingly well skilled in the use of all manner of deadly

weapons, from the long-range repeating rifle to the murderous bowie-knife. For the most part they are peaceful, law-abiding citizens so long as they are not imposed upon or ill-treated; but when they are compelled to fight for right or self-protection, they develop an almost tigerish ferocity. In the matter of the Oklahoma lands it will in many cases be hard to tell where their rights begin and other people's end.

The Oklahoma territory is a beautiful stretch of country, well watered by springs, brooks, and rivers, and covered here and there with clumps of jack-oaks. Various kinds of game are plentiful. It will take the settlers just about ten days to exterminate this game. Fort Reno, a government post containing not more than five hundred soldiers, is located just outside Oklahoma's western border. A stage line connects the fort with Oklahoma City, a station on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad about thirty miles due east. An old stage station on this route is shown in the illustrations on another page. Two government land-offices have recently been established in Oklahoma, one at Guthrie, a station on the Santa Fe, and the other at Kingfisher, a stage station in the western part of the district. Each of these land-offices will do a wonderful business on the opening day. If the business be transacted without friction, it will be a matter for actual wonder.

William Willard Howard.

GOING TO A FIRE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

One of the characteristic and peculiar features of Russian towns, one of the absolutely novel details in the silhouette of roofs and architectural contours that rise against the sky, is the watch-tower. In the more modest or more ancient towns these towers are built of wood; in St. Petersburg they are, like the other monuments of the capital, constructed of brick coated with stucco, which the frost amuses itself by cracking and peeling off, with the providential intent to give employment to the masons during the summer. These towers are of various shape, round, square, octagonal, some very lofty, others less tall, but for all the general dispositions are identical. On the top of the tower is a watch-house with windows in every direction; around this house runs a gallery, and above it is a mast and rigging for working a system of signals, consisting of combinations of colored spheres by day and of colored lanterns by night. Night and day one or two men walk round and round this gallery scanning the horizon, and the moment they see the smoke of a fire they hoist a red flag or a red lantern as the first signal of alarm; then by means of the code of colored spheres or lanterns they indicate in a second or two the district and section of the city in which the fire is. This signal is repeated from watch-tower to watch-tower, the telegraph ticks from one fire station to another, and in a few minutes all the firemen of the capital are on the alert. The police hurry to the spot; in important cases the soldiers also hasten to the scene of the fire; meanwhile the engines come tearing along, as we see in Mr. De Thulstrup's very vivid and spirited picture. First of all a man on horseback, an outrider, shouts at the top of his voice—and what voices these Russian voices are!—"Look out! Clear the way for the firemen!" Behind him follows the engine, drawn by four horses abreast, Russian fashion, two at the pole, and two *fous* harnessed with short reins that keep their heads turned outward and oblige them to canter or gallop. Thus the horses gallop along fanwise. Above the engine flutters a flag, the color of which indicates the section to which the engine belongs. Behind the driver a fireman stands and rings the bell, that sounds with rapid, shrill, silvery vibrations, very piercing in quality. On another cart follow the hose-pipes; on another the fire-escapes and other appliances. In costume and in apparatus the St. Petersburg fire-brigade closely resembles that of Paris. The aspect of a fire in St. Petersburg is similar to that of a fire anywhere else, except, perhaps, that the military element is more conspicuous and the rush and the shouting more notable. The great moment is at the beginning, when police, troops, and fire-engines arrive all at once from every point of the compass, vying with each other in speed and zeal, getting over a kilometre of ground in two minutes and a half, all in perfect order, admirably disciplined. The horses, like the flags, vary in color with the different sections—black, gray, roan, white, piebald, etc. In a second the steam-pumps are in position, the hose unrolled, the firemen, with their long leather aprons coming down to their feet, ply the pipes, the ladders are hoisted against the walls, and the men are at work. The bravery and agility of the St. Petersburg firemen are admirable, and the men themselves are splendid specimens of muscular and masculine humanity.

THE LATE CAPTAIN SCHOONMAKER.

Chief of the officers and men who were lost in the Samoan disaster was Captain Cornelius M. Schoonmaker, commanding the *Vandalia*, a gallant and capable officer, whose death is universally regretted in the service. The deceased officer had a total service of thirty-four and a half years, fifteen of which were passed afloat. He was a member of the well-known Schoonmaker family of Ulster County, this State, and received his first appointment to the navy from New York in September, 1854, at the age of fifteen. After a five years' course at the Naval Academy he was attached to the steam-frigate *Minnesota* as midshipman in 1859, and at the outbreak of the rebellion he was commissioned as Lieutenant. In 1861–2 he served on the gun-boat *Sagamore*, and in 1863–4 was on the *Octorara*, of the West Gulf Squadron, when she took part in the battle of Mobile Bay and in the capture of Fort Morgan. From 1865, when he was appointed Lieutenant-Commander, to 1867 he was on the steamer *Juniata*, of the South American Squadron, and the next two years he spent on the *Piscataqua*, of the Asiatic Squadron. He commanded the *Frolic* when she was despatched to St. John's in 1873 to bring home Captain Tyson and his party of the wrecked *Polaris*. He then served for some time as Navigation Officer at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and afterward went to New Orleans as Light-house Inspector for the Eighth District. During the European cruise of the *Nipsic* he commanded that now well-known vessel, Captain Ramsay being then in command of the *Trenton*, of the same squadron.

In February, 1885, he was promoted to the rank of Commander, and in October, 1886, received a Captain's commission. Only a year ago Captain Schoonmaker was ordered to the command of the ill-fated *Vandalia* at San Francisco, to sail for the Sandwich Islands on a three years' cruise, but soon after the Samoan difficulty loomed up he was ordered with his ship to those now famous islands, where he arrived on February 22d, as he reported from Apia to the Department but a few days ago.

Captain Schoonmaker, whose home was at Kingston, New York, leaves behind him a wife and three young daughters. Judge Schoonmaker, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, is a brother of the lamented officer.

ONE OF "THE MINSTRELS."

If I am black at night,
And look almost Satanic,
Sitting with castanets between my fingers,
Lips like geraniums, and left and right
My counterparts enrolled, a dozen singers—
If I am black at night;

If I am gay at night,
And crack my jokes hilarious,
With many a squirm grotesque, and flash of eye,
Warbling my frolic songs with smiles that light
Our motionless ebon choir most marvellously—
If I am gay at night;

Oh, I am white enough
When hushed I gaze upon her,
My little daughter, lovely in her sleep;
Then, then I glow with pride, I am not rough;
'Tis for her the youthful strength of life I reap—
At dawn I'm white enough!

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

THE MINISTER TO PERU.

Colonel John Hicks, whom President Harrison has just appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Peru, was born in Auburn, New York, April 12, 1847. He is the editor and proprietor of the Oshkosh *Northwestern*, and was appointed on the recommendation of the Wisconsin Congressional delegation. With his parents he removed to Wisconsin in 1851, locating in Waupaca County, a region then on the frontier. Despite the lack of libraries and educational advantages, the boy evinced an unconquerable desire for self-improvement, often walking half a dozen miles to borrow a book, which was devoured with a relish, and at the early age of fifteen he began teaching a country school. His father entered the army, and was killed on the South Edisto River, South Carolina, leaving his family of six children unprovided for, and young John was compelled to saw wood, work in a mill, and teach school; but he managed by his own industry and energy to obtain a college education at Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin. In 1867, at the age of twenty, he became city editor of the paper he now owns, which is one of the most influential in the State. He is President of the Wisconsin Press Association, and Vice-President of the National Editorial Association, and at the visit of the editors to the city of Mexico in 1888 Colonel Hicks delivered an address to President Diaz on behalf of the American newspaper men, which attracted attention. He served four years in the Wisconsin militia as aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor Rusk, now Secretary of Agriculture, whence he obtained the title of Colonel.

ELLIS H. ROBERTS.

Mr. Ellis Henry Roberts, who has been appointed Assistant Treasurer of the United States in charge of the Sub-Treasury in New York city, has for many years been the editor and proprietor of the Utica *Herald*. He was born in the city of Utica, September 30, 1827, and in his boyhood learned the trade of a printer. He was prepared for college at the seminary in Whitestone, and was graduated at Yale in 1850. In the same year he became principal of the Utica Academy, and also taught Latin in a female seminary in that city. After a brief career as a teacher he took charge of the Utica *Herald*, which he made a vigorous exponent of the principles and purposes of the Republican party. He has been a delegate to the National Conventions of the party several times, beginning with that of 1864. In 1867 he served as a member of the State Assembly, and in 1870 was elected to Congress, where he remained during two terms. He was a member of the House Committee on Ways and Means. He was a candidate for Congress again in 1876, but was defeated. He has received the degree of LL.D. from Hamilton and Yale colleges. He has been President of the Fort Schuyler Club, of the Oneida Historical Society. In 1873 he published a series of letters under the title, "To Greece and Beyond," the result of travels in the region indicated. In 1884 he delivered at Cornell University and at Hamilton College a course of lectures in support of a protective tariff, which were published in book form with the title, *Government Revenue, Especially the American System*. He is also the author of *The Planting and Growth of the Empire State*, published in 1887 in the "American Commonwealth Series." The Assistant Treasurer at New York has charge of the larger part of the funds collected and disbursed by the United States government, and is required to give a bond in $400,000. The responsibility is such that little change is usually made in the experienced clerical force of the Sub-Treasury under different administrations.

THE LATE JACOB SLEEPER.

Few men of our time have had the felicity of a more complete and well-rounded life than the Hon. Jacob Sleeper, of Boston, who died at his home in that city on Sunday, March 31st. He had reached advanced age, for he was born November 21, 1802. He was a native of Maine, and began his business career in Boston soon after entering on his twenty-third year.

Before he reached middle age the Methodists of this country were beginning to lay the foundations of the colleges and higher schools of which they have now so many. With this educational movement Mr. Sleeper was closely identified. He was for years an important trustee of Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut. He was also a trustee of the Boston University from its first creation; and one of its most important buildings is named after him. He was also interested in the Boston Conservatory of Music, to which he was a generous contributor. For twelve years he rendered acceptable service to Harvard College as one of its overseers. His business sagacity has had much to do with the prosperity of the Boston Wesleyan Association, which owns the organ of New England Methodism, *Zion's Herald*. The Association is also the owner of a large hall, erected at the cost of $300,000, which is the head-quarters of the Methodists of Boston and its vicinity. Mr. Sleeper was President of the Association for a long time, and in the conduct of its affairs his counsels were greatly valued. Indeed he was at all times, and for all the institutions in which he was interested, a judicious counsellor. His unfailing good sense, moderation, and prudence were so well understood that his quiet influence was felt wherever he associated with other men.

Of his liberal giving to benevolent objects there is no full record. He gave without ostentation, and was always charitable. It is said that he had pensioners upon his bounty for whom he provided regular allowances, according to their necessities.

After retiring from mercantile business Mr. Sleeper continued to be interested in the public institutions which he had done much to sustain, and retained his interest in them up to the close of his life. Few men have died of late so ripe, so full of years and honors; yet his honors were not so much those of public position—though these were not wanting—as of the ever-growing confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens.

CORNELIUS VAN COTT.

Cornelius Van Cott, who has just been appointed Postmaster of New York city, was born here in 1838, and has always made this city his home. He was educated in the public schools, and started in life as a type-setter—an occupation with which he soon became dissatisfied. He then became a carriage-builder, but having a natural taste for politics, he made himself so active and prominent in campaigning and political agitation that President Lincoln appointed him an Inspector of Customs at this port. An active fireman for many years, his services were recognized by an appointment to the office of Fire Commissioner in 1873, which he held two terms, and was President of the Board during the latter period of his service.

During the last few years he has been connected in business with several fire-insurance companies, and has served as trustee of a savings-bank in this city. Two years ago he was elected State Senator from the Eighth District, and was one of the members of the committee which investigated the Aqueduct scandals last year. In this work and in his routine duties in the upper branch of the Legislature he earned a solid reputation for industry and sagacity. Mr. Van Cott has always been an ardent Republican, rigid in his support of his party ticket at the polls. As president of the Lincoln Club, as member of the Republican State Committee, and of the New York County Campaign Committee, he undoubtedly performed efficient services for the election of President Harrison last year.

Mr. Van Cott is a machine politician, and thoroughly believes in scientific political engineering, but he is very generally credited with the executive ability which is essential to the head of the great post-office of which he is to take charge.

JOEL B. ERHARDT.

The new Collector of the Port of New York, Joel B. Erhardt, is perhaps best known as the Republican candidate for the Mayoralty of this city at the last municipal election. He was born here about fifty-one years ago, and is, as his name indicates, of German parentage. When the civil war began he had just finished the academic course at the University of Vermont, and was beginning the study of the law. Dropping this occupation at once, he went to the front with the Seventh Regiment, to which he belonged, and served with it as a private soldier until the end of its term of enlistment. He then returned to Vermont and enlisted in a cavalry regiment, with which he served two years, leaving with the rank of Captain. During the draft riots in this city at the time of the war he was Provost-Marshal of the Fourth District, and did much good work in restoring order.

When the war finally ended he resumed his law studies, was admitted to the bar, and was appointed Assistant United States District Attorney by B. F. Silliman, then the head of that department in Brooklyn. He was a candidate for the Board of Aldermen in 1875, and was defeated. In 1876 he was appointed a Police Commissioner—an office which he held three years, and in which he distinguished himself as an organizer and disciplinarian. President Arthur appointed him United States Marshal for the Southern District of New York in 1883, and soon afterward he was made receiver of the New York and Northern Railroad. In this last position he displayed marked financial ability, succeeding as he did in completely reconstructing the corporation. This led to his election to the Presidency of that railroad, which he held until last year, when he resigned in order to take part in the Mayoralty contest.

Colonel Erhardt while a member of the Police Board was tried on charges preferred against him by Mayor Ely, but after full hearing it was decided that he had not exceeded his authority in any particular in that office. When he was nominated for the Mayoralty the speaker who proposed him said: "His name is the synonym for the faithful discharge of duty. In his business relations he has won the respect and admiration of all who know him. As a public officer, when fortunes were within his grasp, not a thought of seizing them entered his mind. He is a man rigorously positive, determined, honest, generous, and able. Not a stain has been cast on his name."

Mr. Erhardt made a plucky fight for the Mayoralty, and was second in the contest, though he did not win. He is certainly well known and respected for the mental and moral qualities which are required in the duties of his new office.

THE COMMON CHORD.

The Rappahannock's stately tide, aglow with sunset light,
Came sweeping down between the hills that hemmed its gathering might.
From one side rose the Stafford slopes, and on the other shore
The Spottsylvania meadows lay, with oak groves scattered o'er.
Hushed were the sounds of busy day; the brooding air was hushed,
Save for the rapid-flowing stream that chanted as it rushed.
O'er mead and gently sloping hills, on either side the stream,
The white tents of the soldiers caught the sun's departing beam—
On Spottsylvania's slopes the Blue, on Stafford's hills the Gray;
Between them, like an unsheathed sword, the glittering river lay.
Hark! Suddenly a Union band far down the stream sends forth
The strains of "Hail, Columbia," the pæan of the North.
The tents are parted; silent throngs of soldiers, worn and grim,
Stand forth upon the dusky slopes to hear the martial hymn.

So clear and quiet was the night that to the farthest bound
Of either camp was borne the swell of sweet, triumphant sound.
And when the last note died away, from distant post to post
A shout, like thunder of the tide, rolled through the Federal host.
Then straightway from the other shore there rose an answering strain.
"Bonnie Blue Flag" came floating down the slope and o'er the plain.
And then the Boys in Gray sent back our cheer across the tide—
A mighty shout that rent the air and echoed far and wide.
"Star-spangled Banner," we replied; they answered, "Boys in Gray,"
While cheer on cheer rolled through the dusk, and faintly died away.

Deeply the gloom had gathered round, and all the stars had come,
When the Union band began to play the notes of "Home, Sweet Home."
Slowly and softly breathed the chords, and utter silence fell
Over the valley and the hills—on Blue and Gray as well.
Now swelling and now sinking low, now tremulous, now strong,
The leader's cornet played the air of the beautiful old song;
And, rich and mellow, horn and bass joined in the flowing chords,
So voice-like that they scarcely lacked the charm of spoken words.
Then what a cheer from both the hosts, with faces to the stars!
And tears were shed and prayers were said upon the field of Mars.
The Southern band caught up the strain; and we, who could sing, sang.
Oh, what a glorious hymn of home across the river rang!

We thought of loved ones far away, of scenes we'd left behind—
The low-roofed farm-house 'neath the elm that murmured in the wind;
The children standing by the gate, the dear wife at the door;
The dusty sunlight all aslant upon the old barn floor.
Oh! loud and long the cheer we raised, when silence fell again,
And died away among the hills the dear familiar strain.
Then to our cots of straw we stole, and dreamed the livelong night
Of far-off hamlets in the hills, peace-walled, and still, and white.

James Buckham.

GOING TO A FIRE IN ST. PETERSBUR

6.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 283.]

A SONG OF THE LILAC.

Above the wall that's broken,
 And from the coppice thinned,
So sacred and so sweet,
 The lilac in the wind!
And every night the May wind blows
 The lilac blooms apart,
The memory of his first love
 Is shaken on his heart.

A tear was long its gravestone,
 A hush was all around:
Oh how they wake it now,
 The fragrance and the sound!
And every night the May wind blows
 The lilac blooms apart,
The memory of his first love
 Is shaken on his heart.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

The Colonel was a regular old-time Virginia Colonel, and still stuck manfully to his blue coat and brass buttons and his buff nankeen waistcoat, in which his clean, handsome, ruddy old face never looked handsomer. "Buff and blue is the costume for gentlemen to wear," the Colonel would roar; and whatever he said, Yellow Bob echoed like a Greek chorus. "Yes, siree; dat sutiny is so. *I* got a blue coat ole marse done gimme." The Colonel's clinging to old days and old ways was pathetic. Although he swore forty times a day that the war had ruined him, it had not. There was enough left for the Colonel and Madam and the colony of their old servants, which, as the case frequently is to this day in Virginia, had settled around them. The Colonel still had Yellow Bob to swear at, and Mrs. Randolph had Patsy to carry the keys and make mango pickle and peach cordial. But the age had swept them high and dry. They talked about things chiefly that happened in the 'fifties, and when they got into the 'sixties the Colonel was apt to damn the Yankees so profusely that Mrs. Randolph was fain to ask him if he remembered the trip they took to the Springs in 'forty-nine, when his pocket was picked of nine hundred and eighty dollars; at which the Colonel and Yellow Bob would exchange winks. Yellow Bob knew that a race between Colonel Doswell's flea-bitten gray and Major Beverly's Sir Archy had more to do with the loss of that nine hundred and eighty dollars than Mrs. Randolph—good, simple soul—suspected. As for the Colonel, the war did not make so much difference to him as he fancied. He now spent the best part of his life sitting on the broad front porch at Drum Point, with a julep handy, and Yellow Bob within swearing distance, and for gentlemen of seventy-five, of the Colonel's temperament, there is not much else to do. Horse-racing he regarded as out of the question, because he no longer had nine hundred and eighty dollars to throw away on it whenever he fancied. The Colonel believed that the present age was utterly tame and devoid of incident.

"Damme, sir, nothing happens now; the young folks don't even run away and get married. A fellow calls another fellow a liar, and—dog my cats!—the other fellow goes and sues him in the courts, instead of shooting him down in his tracks. Did you ever hear of Jack Thornton? Now that man had some adventures, sir, in this very county, sir, that ought to be written in a book."

Yellow Bob here took up the conversation. "Books is fur white folks—dat's what I say. Dese heah fool niggers gwine 'long de road ter school wid dey spellin'-books is mighty disqualifyin' ter me. Unc' Isaac Minkins he kyarn git up and preach 'dout a gret big hymn-book in he hand fur to read de Bible outen."

"Hold your tongue, you rascal!" bawled the Colonel, highly pleased nevertheless. "The infernal free-school system, sir, has been the ruin of this country. As I was telling you, though, about Jack Thornton, his land joined mine, and we were at William and Mary together. Well, Jack was as handsome a fellow as ever stepped, and the only man in the county that could beat me after the hounds. He had a very pretty property too, sir, and as likely a lot of negroes as there was in the county, and there was eleven hundred acres in the tract at Northend. By Jove! what jolly bachelor dinners he used to give there! Eh, Bob? I got mighty near being kicked by the Madam for a little turn about we had at one of those dinners. That dinner, sir, lasted three days, and I rode my horse up the front stairs into Jack's bedroom. Ah, they were days!"

"An' missis—she was Miss Sally Ambler den—she met me in de road when I wuz kyarin' ole marse home in de chaise, an' he kyarn say a word. And I say: 'Sarvint, missis. Marse he mighty sick; I feerd he ain't gwi' live twell de doctor git ter him.' And Miss Sally she bust out cryin' an' jump off'n her horse, and come ter de chaise an' look in marse's face. An' he 'gin ter holler an' say: 'I ain't sick, my dear; I'm drunk as a lord—hic. An' ef you knew how jolly I feel, you'd go an' git drunk yerself.' Missis she turn away, an'—"

"Zounds, sir! do you propose to tell the secrets of my life, you yellow scoundrel? But it's true. I had a hard time bringing the Madam round, and by the Lord I don't believe I'd have done it at all but for Jack Thornton. He swore he had made me tight, when, ha! ha! I could drink him under the table any day in the week. The Madam believed Jack, thank God, though. Well, as I was telling you, there were some monstrous exciting things in Jack's life. First, after he had settled down to live like a gentleman at Northend, old Smithers got his note for ten thousand dollars to pay some debts of honor Jack had made; and then the doggoned interest began piling up, and the black measles broke out among his negroes, and he lost nearly half of them, and we had a drought two years in succession, and the first thing I knew Jack was a bankrupt. Old Scaife Beverly, Jack's uncle, was as rich as a Jew, and had thousands of dollars in his secretary; but the old skinflint said something or other about Jack's squandering his patrimony, and Jack swore he'd see the old rascal at Davy Jones's before he'd take a cent from him; so there he was, strapped and stranded. Well, about that time there was an election for sheriff, and Jack came to me and consulted me about his running for sheriff, and I told him he couldn't do better; and the fact was, if he didn't get hold of some ready money he'd have to sell his negroes, and that was what he mortally hated, of course. So the next court day" (the Colonel pronounced it cote day) "he announced himself as a candidate. I made a speech myself on the court-house green, calling upon the gentlemen of the county to support him. I was always counted a good speaker, sir, when I was in the House of Delegates."

"An' ole missis she was allers a mighty good han' at writin' of de speeches," chimed in Yellow Bob.

"You bandy-legged rascal," shouted the Colonel, turning very red, "I've a great mind to kick you off this plantation, as I've had every day for forty odd years."

Here Bob created a diversion. "Dat sutiny was a good speech you made fur Marse Jack. Missis she was in Richmon' when dat speech was spoke. De folks dey holler an' whoop, an' Marse Jack Thornton he come up an' shooken old marse's han' and says, 'Ef I'm 'lected, I'll owe it to you, Kunel.'"

"So he did—so he did," said the Colonel, somewhat mollified. "But still 'twas very surprising to see Jack Thornton performing the sheriff's duties—and he had no deputy either. I was mightily afraid he'd hurt his chances with Virginia Berkeley; and so it did, because Virginia turned around and married Miles Corbin about the time Jack was elected. However, I couldn't blame her very much. She was only seventeen, and Jack was too proud to go to Colonel Berkeley's house after he had lost pretty near everything; and Virginia afterward confessed to the Madam that she married Miles Corbin as much to spite Jack as to please her father. Corbin was worth every cent of two hundred thousand dollars, and was a mighty prim, proper fellow; never touched a card, didn't get drunk occasionally like a good fellow; but for all his straight-laced ways he had a devil of a temper. He used to whip his negroes himself—just think of it, sir, with an overseer on the land—and then hand round the plate in church. Damme, sir, if I didn't button up my breeches pocket and look him square in the eye whenever he handed his infernal plate to me; and communion Sundays, when I went up to the rail with Madam, I made him stand out of my way, sir, with as little ceremony as if he'd been a yellow dog. As for Virginia Berkeley, she was a girl of tremendous spirit, and she led Miles Corbin a dance, I'm happy to say. She was pretty as a picture too; wasn't she, Bob?"

"Pretty!" echoed Yellow Bob—"she was the prettiest 'oman ever I seed, scusin' 'twas missis when she was just married. Miss Ferginny she had black eyes dat fyarly bu'n a hole in you when she look at you. She hed de leetlest foot an' han', an' when she laughed, de dimples come out all over her face."

"That's so; and her mouth—God bless me! Well, everybody knew that she and Miles Corbin wouldn't pull in harness together, and of course they quarrelled like the devil. Virginia was a thorough-bred, and she held her head up high; but sometimes, the Madam says, Virginia would come over here and cry as if her heart would break. And the Madam soon found out that Jack Thornton was the reason of it. I don't think Virginia ever tried to get along with Corbin, although God knows no woman could have done it; but they hadn't been married a month before they had it hot and heavy."

"Ole Unc' Snake-root Jim say she throwed a kittle of bilin' water at him fust time he cuss her. Maybe dat's what dey calls hot and heavy," remarked Bob.

"Anyhow ugly stories began to get out about the way things were going at Corbin Hall. Jack Thornton never went there, and kept out of Virginia Corbin's way as much as he could: besides, he spent all his time nearly riding over the country on sheriff's duty. He told Madam if he hadn't been elected sheriff, and had to keep on the move, he'd have blown his brains out sitting down and doing nothing at Northend, and thinking about Virginia Corbin and her misery. Queer fellow in some ways, Jack was. Seemed to like work after he got used to it. Anyway it began to be talked about that Miles Corbin—the sanctimonious devil—had struck Virginia Berkeley more than once. Some people did not believe it, because when they first began to disagree, Virginia had been heard to say that if Miles ever laid his hand on her she'd kill him—and she would have done it, too. The Berkeleys are that kind, though I must say that when Virginia had her own way she was as amiable as anybody I ever saw, and if Miles Corbin had treated her right she would have made him a good wife. But she was one that couldn't stand whip and spur. It happened, though, that Jack Thornton one night, coming home from court, found one of Corbin's servants lying at the lane gate of Corbin Hall with a broken leg. So although he had sworn he'd never darken Miles Corbin's doors, yet he had to take the fellow up in his gig and drive up to Corbin Hall. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and the negroes had all gone to bed, but there was a light in the house and a commotion going on. The dogs started too, but Jack soon stopped them—I never saw a dog in my life that wouldn't fawn on Handsome Jack—when, as he told me afterward, the hall door flew open, and Virginia Corbin rushed out and almost into Jack Thornton's arms. Miles Corbin was right after her with his fist doubled up. Jack says he was so dumfounded his head reeled, but he heard Miles order her to come back into the house. Then Virginia straightened herself up and said, 'I'll come back, because I'm not afraid of you; but I want to tell you now that if ever you raise your hand against me I'll kill you as surely as I live. You've never driven me to much—I've submitted and waited and hated—but a very little more will drive me to murder.' Then from somewhere in her dress she pulled out a pistol. 'Do you see this? Well, I got it for just such an emergency as may happen. Jack Thornton, do you hear me?' At this Jack jumped at Corbin, and catching him by the collar, walloped him until Corbin yelled. But he didn't stop for that; he laid it on as long as he could stand, and then kicked Corbin all over the porch. The darky with the broken leg began to holler, and that brought all the other negroes trooping out; and at least forty of them saw the trouncing. And then Virginia showed them the pistol, and told them what she meant to do if he ever struck her again. Well, it was hushed up as far as possible. Virginia was the proudest woman I ever saw; and she asked Jack to keep it quiet. And so, while everybody knew that she and Miles Corbin had had a big flare-up, nobody exactly knew the circumstances. Virginia didn't even tell the Madam.

"So things went on for a year or two, until one night I was waked by hearing that lazy yellow fellow yonder tapping at my window. He had been to Corbin Hall courting a black girl over there, when Corbin died—for he died from a pistol wound."

"I hed jes done tell Ma'y Jane—um! she *were* a gal—good-night," said Yellow Bob, taking up the thread of the story, "an' I was comin' through de front yard, when I see de lights bu'nin' in de parlor, an' heerd Marse Miles Corbin a-yellin' at Miss Ferginny. I was skeered ter go 'way an' skeered ter stay; but pres'n'y I hear her scream, an' I run in, an' dyar was Marse Miles layin' on de sofa wid de blood po'in' from he hade. Miss Ferginny she stan' up lookin' mighty cur'us, wid a smokin' pistol in her han'. Marse Miles he groan, but seem like Miss Ferginny didn't hear 'im. I run an' fotch him a piller, an' gin him some water, an' den I tuck out ter de quarters ter raise de black folks an' de overseer. Dey all come runnin'. De overseer he was de po'est kin' of po' white trash. He jes come right out in cote an' tole ev'ything he see dat night; an' de black folks dey all stan' up fur Miss Ferginny, an' 'low dey didn't see nuttin' 'tall."

"That's so," said the Colonel; "for Virginia Berkeley had to stand up in the prisoner's dock, and every negro on the land swore they hadn't seen a pistol, hadn't heard a quarrel, didn't know anything about it, and that Virginia was the best mistress in the world. When I got there that night Miles Corbin was dead, the low-lived dog! Virginia met me and the Madam. 'I didn't kill him,' she said, as quiet as you please, 'although I meant to do it. He struck me, and I went and got the pistol. He got it from me, and went to the table to withdraw the load, when he got nervous—he always was a coward—and it went off.' Madam looked at her. 'Has he ever really beaten you?' she asked. For answer Virginia laughed a dreadful kind of a laugh, and pulling up her sleeve, showed her the marks of Corbin's fingers. 'Look here!' she said, showing her a great bruise on her shoulder-blade. Madam just burst out crying, and put her arms around Virginia. 'Thank God,' she said, 'you didn't kill him!' You can just imagine the commotion it raised; but everything would have been settled at the inquest if it hadn't been for that low-lived dog the overseer. He and Miles Corbin had been associates. A gentleman associating with his overseer! And Mrs. Corbin had ordered him out of her parlor not long before; so he owed her a grudge, and he paid it. Such a talk and hubbub was raised that at the next county court the grand jury returned a true bill against Virginia Berkeley Corbin for the murder of her husband. By George!" said the Colonel, pausing to wipe his forehead. "As for Jack Thornton, he nearly went crazy. At first he said he'd resign the shrievalty, or kill himself, before he'd serve the summons on her. She was staying here where Madam had brought her the night Miles Corbin died. But the Board of Magistrates—we didn't have a tuppence-ha'penny county court then, but gentlemen served as magistrates—the board sent for him, and reasoned about the trouble and expense he'd put the county to if he resigned that way without notice; and Mrs. Corbin sent him word that the greatest service he could do her was to remain in office until after the trial was over. So at last he consented, but I thought he'd die the day he served the writ on her."

The Colonel paused again, confronted by the dead and gone tragedy.

"Good Gord A'mighty!" said Yellow Bob, slowly and solemnly. "I 'member dat day, an' I gwi 'member it twell judgment day. 'Twas 'bout time de fish bite in June. Missis didn't 'ten' ter de chickens er de cows er nuttin' den. She was all time projeckin' wid Miss Ferginny. Seem like she didn't keer whe'r de tuckey aigs hatch, er de cows give milk, er de 'taters come up in de gyarden, she was so tooken up wid Miss Ferginny. When Marse Jack Thornton rid up in de yard dat day I never see a man look like him. He was de color of a ash-cake 'fo' de ashes is washed off. Miss Ferginny she was settin' on de po'ch wid ole marse an' missis when he come up de steps. When he come to'ds her he stop an' look like he gwi drop. An' ole marse, he go up ter him, and missis, an' den Miss Ferginny she walk to'ds him an' hol' out her han'."

Another long pause came.

"I dun know what she say, but ole marse help him fin' a paper, an' he show it ter 'em, an' dey all git in de big kerridge an' go up ter de cote-house. An' I set on de boot wid Unc' Torm Driver, an' Patsy she rid on de place fur de trunk behin'. Missis and Miss Ferginny was inside, an' ole marse he rid horseback wid Marse Jack Thornton."

"They bailed her to appear at the next term of the Circuit Court," said the Colonel. "It was a bailable offence in those days, and half the county was there to ask the honor of going on her bond. But she only took me and her counsel, Mr. Severn. The Board of Magistrates rose when she entered; and when she left the court-room, and when she went down to get in my carriage, with me on one side of her and Madam on the other, the magistrates had got out by a shorter way, and were bowing on each side of the carriage door. The presiding magistrate, in the name of the others, expressed their regrets that they were unable to go on her bail-piece, and when she drove out of the village, sitting up straight in my carriage, and looking like a queen, every man she met took off his hat to her, because, you see, Virginia Berkeley was a lady, and Miles Corbin was the damnedest villain—" Here the Colonel went off into a perfect hurricane of profanity, which somehow didn't sound profane, but rather as a kind of cordial emphasis to what he said.

"She staid here uutil the trial came off. Of course she didn't see anybody, but the whole county called on her. Dang me but I believe they were sorry she hadn't killed Miles Corbin after all; he deserved it, the dog! The day of the trial the Madam and I took her up to the cote-house—"

"An' I rid on de boot wid Unc' Torm Driver, an' Patsy she sat on de place fur de trunk behin', an' ole marse rid on horseback with Marse Jack Thornton," echoed Bob the parrot.

"When we got to the cote-house you never saw such a crowd in your life. We got Virginia in the cote-room as quietly as we could, and the Madam and I sat by her. And when Jack Thornton said—by Jove, I thought he'd faint before he got through—'Virginia Corbin, what say you, guilty or not guilty?' she stood up as brave as a lion, and says, just as cool as you please, holding up her little hand, 'Not guilty.' The people yelled for half an hour, and the Court didn't say a word, and you may be sure the sheriff didn't.

"The overseer, Higgins, had tried to get a lawyer to help the prosecuting attorney, but he couldn't do it, and the prosecuting attorney, I tell you, had to be very careful what he said. The first witness they put on the stand was Higgins. He told a mighty straight story. He told of the quarrels between Miles Corbin and his wife, and the threats he had heard her make of killing Corbin if he continued to strike her. Then he told about my Yellow Bob waking him up in the middle of the night, and of his going up to the house and seeing Miles lying on the sofa dying, and Miles saying, 'My wife did this.' At this there was such a thundering row in the court-house that the Court was obliged to demand order. But Mrs. Corbin remarked, out loud: 'That is true. He lied about me with his last breath.' Then the overseer identified the pistol as the one he had seen in Mrs. Corbin's hands, and saw on the drawing-room table on the night of Miles Corbin's death. And altogether it made a bad showing.

"Yellow Bob was the next witness called for the prosecution. It was rich testimony—ha! ha! ha!"

Yellow Bob chuckled gleefully over the recollection. "Ev'ything dat ar persecutin' retorney ask me, I say 'Naw.' 'Did you seen Mr. Miles Corbin on de sofa?' 'Naw, sah.' 'You waked Higgins up at the overseer's house about midnight?' 'Naw, sah.' 'But Mr. Higgins says you did?' 'Mr. Higgins, he ain't nuttin' but po' white trash. I doan keer what he say. I doan know nuttin' 'tall 'bout Marse Miles Corbin dyin'. Maybe he had de ager, an' he nose bleed, an' he bleed hisself ter def.' 'No, he did not have any ager. He was killed with the pistol.' 'Well, den,' I say, 'maybe Mr. Higgins kilt him.' De jedge larf at dat. 'But,' said the persecutin' retorney, 'all the black folks seen you. They'll swear to it.' 'Well, bring 'em up heah, an' ef dey swar I dyar dat night, I ken swar jes as hard I warn't. Dem wuffles black niggers ain't a-gwine ter disencourage me. Dem Corbin niggers allers was mighty wuffles and lyin'. Dey done took a heap o' corn outen our corn-house.' 'Come, now,' says the persecutin' retorney, 'of course you were there the night Mr. Corbin died. You gave the alarm.' 'I didn't give 'em no sech a thing, I 'ain't got no 'larm ter give. I wish I hedn't tole 'em nuttin' 'tall 'bout it,' I say, an' den de persecutin' retorney he say, 'Now you admit you were there.' 'Naw, I 'ain't remit it,' I say; 'I doan know nuttin' but dat Mr. Higgins over yander is de meanest white man gwine, an' Miss Ferginny, she an' missis is mighty thick; an' ef she warn't de right kin' o' 'oman, *my* missis wouldn't hev nuttin' 'tall fur ter do wid her; an' dem black niggers kin swar all dey wants dey seed me. I ain't cipherin' 'bout dem.' Den de persecutin' retorney he say, 'I can't manage the witness,' an' I jes walk right outen de box dey put me in, an' when I pass Miss Ferginny, I say, 'Sarvint, mistis.'"

The old Colonel had laughed heartily during the recital.

"And all the Corbin negroes—they had about forty of them up as witnesses—gave about the same kind of testimony that my Bob did. None of them knew anything, or had seen anything, or could be induced to tell anything but lies; and such lies! Every one of 'em, going out of the witness box, would pull his wool and duck his head to Virginia: she certainly had made those black people love her, and more than one of her fights with Corbin had been about his shameful treatment of his negroes. Severn—he's a first-

class lawyer—he didn't cross-examine any of them. He said, 'May it please the Court, I have but one witness, and that is the prisoner herself. I desire to put her on the stand that she may tell her own story.' So he gave her his arm and led Mrs. Corbin to the witness box, where she sat down in a chair. You could have heard a pin drop. At first she looked around her with a sort of dazed look; it was so pitiful, I saw the foreman of the jury look away while he wiped the tears from his eyes. Everybody waited until she came to herself like. Then she began, in a low voice, to tell it all. She looked as pale as a sheet until she got to where he struck her for the first time. Then the blood poured to her face. 'I don't know how I felt,' said she; 'I wanted to kill him—that was all. I rushed away from him, and then I turned on him. He began to back when he saw me advance. I told him then that I would get a pistol, and if he struck me again I would shoot him. He did not laugh at me then. Afterward I thought I had been to blame. I determined I would try and get along better with him. I endured that man Higgins in my house—I endured, Oh God! what did I not endure! and it was the same. He would seize me by the throat and choke me. That was dreadful, but it wasn't a blow. At last he struck me that other time when Mr. Thornton came and beat him.' At that there was going to be the devil of a row—the people hurrahing for Thornton; but Jack checked the disturbance right away. 'Then,' she said, after everything was quiet, 'I felt that it would soon be over, one way or another; either he would kill me or I would kill him. On the night he died he said that the man Higgins should dine at Corbin Hall the next day, and I should appear at the table. I replied that I would not. He lifted his hand against me, and I asked him if he remembered what Mr. Thornton had done to him for that. Then he said—but I can't repeat what he said; it was about Mr. Thornton. I went to the bookcase and got out my pistol. "You may *say* what you like," I said, "but don't touch me." After more words he came toward me and struck me hard on my shoulder—here. At first the pain stunned me. I held the pistol in my hand. He got it from me; I could not resist with one arm. He said he would guarantee his life for that one night, and standing by the table started to unload it. All at once I heard it go off, and he staggered to the sofa. I don't remember anything else until Colonel Randolph came.'

"When she stopped, it was as still as the grave. Severn had just said something about the other side asking any questions they pleased, when the foreman of the jury talked a minute or two to the judge, and then, nodding to the jurymen, rose up and said, 'The unanimous opinion of this jury is that the prisoner is not guilty.' Such a shout! Mrs. Corbin stood up for a minute, and then, without a word, fell over in a dead faint in Jack Thornton's arms. The crowd made way for him as he carried her, as if she had been a baby, out into the court-house yard. The Madam and I were there about as soon as he."

"An' me an' Patsy," added Yellow Bob.

"We put her in the carriage—"

"An' Unc' Torm Driver he lash he horses twell dey gallop ev'y foot o' de way home."

"Hold your infernal tongue. I'm telling this story. When we got her home, of course the reaction set in. She had been as brave as a lion all the time before, but now she couldn't hold up her head. She just lay on the bed upstairs, with her great black eyes staring out of her white face, and by George, sir, I thought she was certain to kick the bucket. The only thing that roused her was when old Scaife Beverly, Jack's uncle, died without a will, and Jack got every cent the old curmudgeon left. Jack had hung around here ever since Mrs. Corbin came, but she wouldn't see him, and so months and months went on. At last one evening when she was well enough to sit up—it was more than a year after the trial—she was sitting in the chamber there by the dining-room, looking devilish pretty in a white wrapper, when—"

"I seen Marse Jack comin', and I run round de house an' tole him fur Gord A'mighty's sake ter run in missis' chamber, kase I was feerd Miss Ferginny Corbin had done had a fit er sumpin. Co'se she didn't have no fit; I jes say it ter git him in dyar, an' he jump through de winder openin' on de po'ch, and when he see her he say, kinder solemn, 'Ferginny!' I never will forgit de way he say 'Ferginny.' 'Twas jes same as if he'd tole her, 'I loves you better'n anything in de whole wide worl'. An' Miss Ferginny she fall back in her cheer, an' she begin ter cry, and say, 'Don't! don't! I'm too wicked to live!' when Marse Jack he jes tooken her in he arms an' kiss her. I got so intrusted wid dem conjurements I jes stan' like I done tooken root and look in de winder twell arf while Marse Jack seen me, an' he pick up ole marse's boot-jack layin' on de flo' an' shy it at me. I dodge, an' it broke missis' lookin'-glass an' her big red geranium in de flower-pot. He gin me a dollar naix day, an' missis she quile wid him 'bout breakin' her lookin'-glass."

"They wanted to go away from the county, but I told them they'd better stay where they were known. It could be lived down sooner here than anywhere else. Upon my soul they were the most devoted married couple I ever saw. When the war broke out Jack raised a company, and was elected Captain, and afterward Colonel, and was made Brigadier-General as he was carried off the field mortally wounded. The same shot killed Virginia. She never held up her head afterward. I don't think she lived six months. The Madam said it was better she should die than live. They had no children. And a lot of damned, thrifty, industrious Yankees bought Northend, and they've got a confounded steam-plough that frightens all my horses, and they raise hay all over the place, and they've built an infernal ice-house on top of the ground instead of under it, and they work the whole place with twenty hands instead of sixty, as Jack Thornton did, and I want a julep—d' ye hear, you yellow rascal?"

M. Elliot Seawell.

THE SAMOAN DISASTER.

The despatches forwarded to the Secretary of the Navy by Rear-Admiral L. A. Kimberly, in charge of the United States fleet in the Pacific, dated Auckland, March 30th, confirmed the rumor received some days before of the total loss of the *Trenton* and *Vandalia* and the beaching of the *Nipsic* off Apia, a harbor on the island of Upolu, one of the Samoan group. The cause of this terrible disaster was a typhoon on the 16th of March. The wrecking of these ships would be of secondary importance if it were not for the great loss of life. The *Vandalia* lost four officers—Captain Schoonmaker, Paymaster Arms, Lieutenant Sutton, Pay Clerk Roach—and thirty-nine men; the *Nipsic*, seven men. During the typhoon the German men-of-war the *Adler* and *Eber* were driven on the reefs, and the *Olga* was beached. The Germans lost ninety-six men. Many merchantmen were wrecked in the storm. An English steamer, the *Calliope*, having her steam up, bore the brunt of the typhoon, and having plenty of sea-room, escaped disaster.

From officers who have cruised off Apia, the harbor of Upolu is represented to be in form like the letter C, the opening being the harbor entrance. The roadstead is a small basin, but back of the letter the sea extends, there being quite a distance intervening before the land is reached. Coral reefs extend between the anchorage basin and the shore. Once a vessel, urged by stress of weather, drags her anchor, no matter how the wind blows, the ship is driven on the reefs. The force of the waves in the Pacific is terrible in its effects. Pounded on the jagged coral reefs and struck by the heavy seas, the life of the stanchest vessel is but brief.

The *Trenton*, *Vandalia*, and *Nipsic* were at the anchorage used by men-of-war, which is on the east side of the harbor. The first two vessels were driven right on the coral reefs, while the *Nipsic* may have escaped foundering by reason of her lighter draught. She was thrown on a sand-covered reef. It is possible that the *Trenton* and *Vandalia* may have fouled.

The *Trenton* was a wooden steam-ship, launched in 1877. She was 253 feet long, 48 feet beam; her draught was 20.6, tonnage, 3600. She had on board 420 men and officers. The *Vandalia* was a smaller ship and a year older than the *Trenton*. Her displacement was 2100 tons. She carried 200 officers and men. The *Nipsic* was really the oldest of the vessels and the smallest; she was 185 feet long; her draught was 14.3 feet; she had on her 180 men. Though all these vessels were old, and belonged to a past period of marine construction, they were fairly efficient, a great deal of money having been spent in keeping them in good order. With a total of 800, the crews of the American fleet outnumbered those of the German flotilla.

The *Olga* was the largest of the German ships, with a displacement of 2200 tons, and carried a battery of eight 6-inch Krupp guns. The *Adler* and *Eber* were smaller ships, the latter more particularly equipped for torpedo service. The *Eber* lost the captain, all the officers but one, and seventy-six men, and in the *Adler* fifteen men perished.

The first intimation of the disaster having reached the Navy Department at Washington on the 29th of last month, it is curious to note how the news was transmitted to the United States. The Samoan Islands, 400 miles northeast of the Feejee Islands, are about half-way between San Francisco and New Zealand. Auckland, in New Zealand, is 2000 miles away. To this point news must have been transmitted by Admiral Kimberly, and his with the German despatches were forwarded by cable to Singapore, Penang, Madras, Bombay, Aden, Suez, Malta, to Gibraltar, Lisbon, and London. At some later date a full investigation of the disaster will be made, and Rear-Admiral Kimberly will present the facts.

The list of disasters to ships of war during the last half-century is not a very long one. Men-of-war are generally well fitted out, and kept up to the highest degree of efficiency. The sea-worthiness of the more recent heavily clad and armored ships has not yet been fully established. Up to a certain point, however, it is positive that a large ship is safer than a smaller one. The element of speed brought about by powerful machinery tends toward the safety of the ship. They can weather a storm, getting out of its centre, and can defy those dangerous currents which used to wreck sailing vessels. Making their passages more rapidly, the chances of steamers meeting with storms and continuous bad weather are lessened. If through ignorance of the simplest of laws some European men-of-war have been lost, the terrible lessons acquired are not likely to be forgotten. The ships lost by the United States by stress of weather or accident are not numerous.

The *Albany*, a sloop of war, was lost in 1853. It is believed she was struck by a cyclone in the West India seas. Nothing was ever heard of her, or of the brig of war *Porpoise*, which was on a cruise about the same time in the China seas. The *Levant*, in 1858 sailing in the Pacific waters, has never been heard of. The loss of the *Monitor*, in December, 1862, is remembered by many to-day. In 1863 the brig of war *Bainbridge* was lost off North Carolina, and only the cook, who drifted on a bit of the wreck, lived to tell of the disaster. The *Monongahela*, strange to say, the vessel now on her way to Apia, was lifted up by a great tidal wave in 1867, and landed in the town of Vera Cruz. One year after this another tidal wave, off the coast of Chili, took the two United States ships *Wateree* and *Fredonia* and stranded them. It is said the *Wateree* was converted into an inland hotel. The *Yorktown* was blown on shore on one of the Cape de Verd Islands. The *Saginaw* was lost fifteen years ago off one of the islands of the Pacific, and the last loss before the present distressing ones was the foundering of the *Huron* off Currituck Beach, North Carolina, when most of the crew perished.

Of disasters happening to war vessels of foreign nationalities the most terrible was the fate which overtook the *Captain*, an iron-clad of 4270 tons. She went clean down in a gale of wind in September, 1870, off Finisterre, with every soul on board, and all were lost. She had been overweighted with iron and guns, and was two feet deeper in the water than she should have been. The sinking of the German ship of war *Grosser-Kurfürst* in 1878 was due to a collision with the *König Wilhelm*. Here, of 500 men and officers, only 183 men were saved. The most recent disaster is that of the English iron-clad the *Sultan*, now aground off a small island near Malta.

One incident worthy of mention in connection with this national misfortune is the kindly action of Queen Victoria, who on the last day of March cabled to the President, who represents the people of the United States, her earnest sympathy in regard to the terrible naval misfortune at Samoa, "and the deplorable loss of life." In replying, President Harrison expressed his warm appreciation and that of the people of this country of the Queen's expression of solicitude.

Under orders from the Secretary of the Navy, the *Richmond*, the *Alert*, and the *Adams* will replace the lost vessels. These vessels mount altogether thirty-seven guns, and carry a total of 70 officers and 564 men.

Authorities.—Professor William C. Redfield, U. S. A.; Signal Service Storm-Track Charts; Colonel Sir William Reid, C.B., F.R.S., Royal Engineers; Henry Piddington, President Marine Courts, Calcutta; Marc Dechevrens, S.J., Director Li-Ka-Wei Observatory, Shanghai, China; Lieutenant M. J. Revertegat, French Navy.

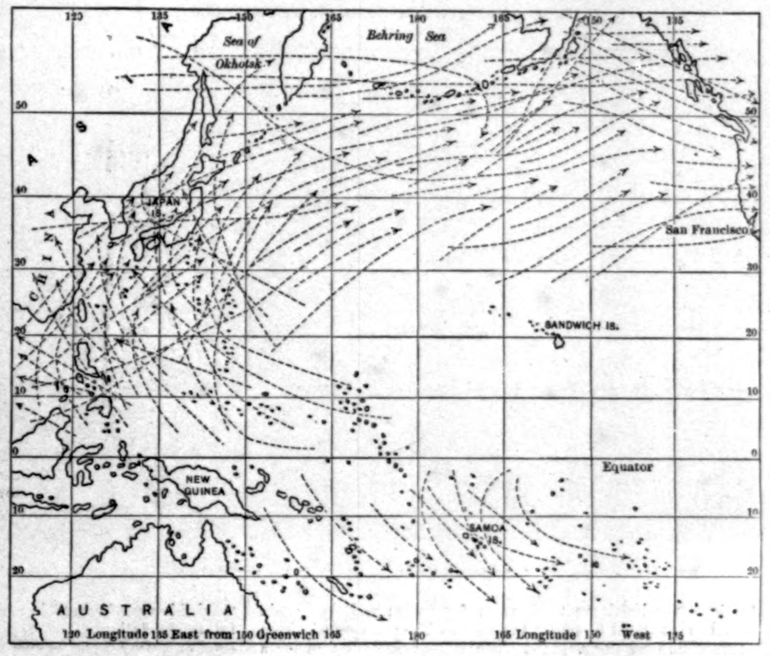


CHART NO. 1.—Prepared by Lieutenant John P. Finley, Signal Corps, U.S.A.

HURRICANES IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

The hurricanes south of the equator in the Pacific Ocean, which are at times felt with great fury in the Samoan and Feejee Islands, are as severe as any in the world, but their characteristics are not easily distinguishable from the hurricanes of the China Sea, the Indian Ocean, and those experienced from December to March (the summer of the southern hemisphere) over the island of Mauritius, off the coast of Madagascar. Owing to deficient data, however, the general traits of the hurricanes of the South Pacific can be described only as coinciding with the general laws of hurricane development in the West Indies, which are the best known.

Fortunately, owing to the active efforts and rapid accumulation of classified reports by Lieutenant John P. Finley, the hurricane tracks of the South Pacific have been charted to the present date. See chart No. 1, in which the paths of progressive hurricane movement are indicated by continuous lines ending in arrow-heads showing the direction taken by the hurricanes. The wind blows in an almost circular course round the area of central calm, and at the same time the entire storm field advances along the curved tracks, as seen in charts No. 1 and No. 2. Sometimes the hurricane progresses in this manner with great velocity, and then again it pauses, and seems to move only a few miles an hour.

From 1836 to 1889 the average number of hurricanes reported for the Samoan Islands is about one in every three years, fifteen having been reported during this period, including the one that caused the recent disaster. Of this number the most severe in its effects took place December 5, 1850, when many chapels were torn to pieces and more than twenty thousand native huts blown down. The *Favorita*, of London, the *Hercules*, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, and the Roman Catholic mission schooner *Clara* were all driven on the rocks and destroyed. Before this time, in 1848, a furious hurricane passed over the islands, causing the loss of three vessels. It was the most destructive storm in eighteen years, and its course southward was traced for over a thousand miles. The direction of its track was in agreement with the well-established movement of hurricanes south of the equator. (See chart No. 1.) In chart No. 2 it will be seen that a number of hurricanes pursue a course parallel to the equator before making a marked curve toward the south pole.

The frequency of these visitations in this region of the ocean is very much less than one-third that observed in the West Indies. Lieutenant Finley points out the fact that the limited number of observations south of the equator has made the average direction taken by these hurricanes somewhat doubtful, but he claims that enough is known to determine the regions of greatest and least frequency. Meteorological observations ending with 1887 were taken at Apia, from which it appears that an average temperature of from 78° to 80° prevails, a uniformity unknown in the temperate zone.

On the Feejee Islands, several hundred miles southwest of the Samoan Islands, the houses are supplied with stout shutters and doors, and many roofs are fastened by means of chains attached to the ground—not unlike the system of securing to the rock the old Tip-Top House at Mount Washington. They prepare for a hurricane on some of these islands by carrying into a central room of the house fuel, provisions, live-stock, and make everything as secure as possible. The weather is, as we have seen, usually pleasant, but as November approaches, people watch the barometer anxiously. During two or three days before the hurricane the air is hot and oppressive. Then the inhabitants make preparations, as if they were to be besieged by cannon. In addition to the material mentioned above, fire-wood, charcoal, oil for lamps, and provisions are taken under shelter. Experts predict the approach of the hurricane five days ahead, if the island is inhabited by civilized people, as many of them are.

Authority.—Thomas Dobson, B.A., Head-Master, High-school, Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land; London, Edinburgh, and Dublin *Philosophical Magazine and Journal of Science*, 1854.

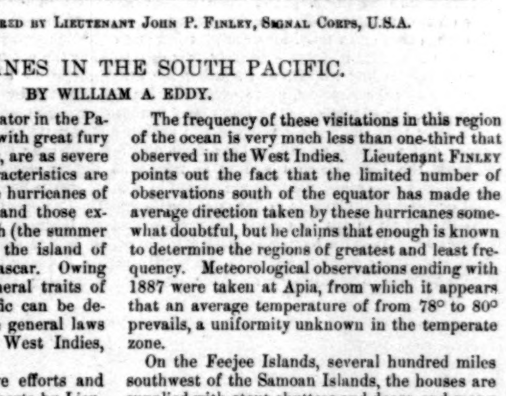
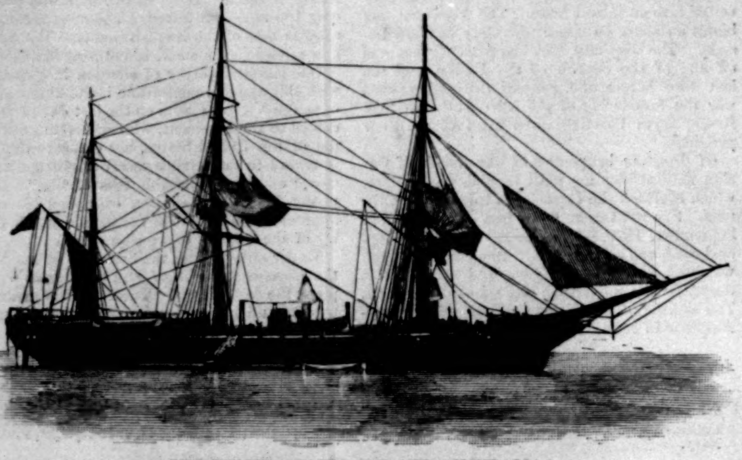
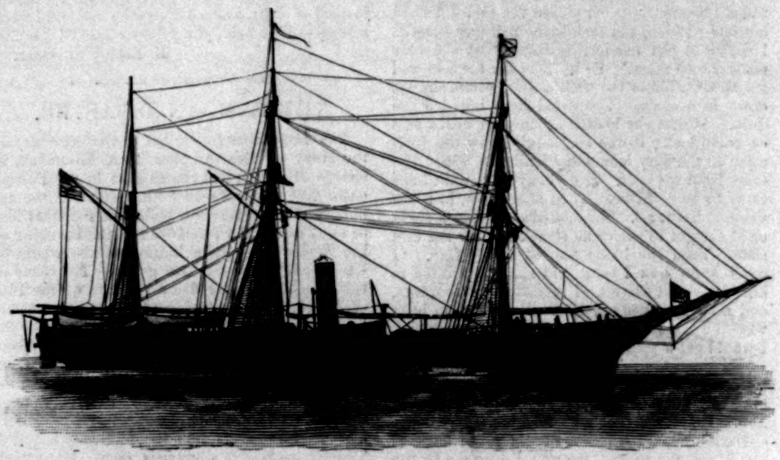


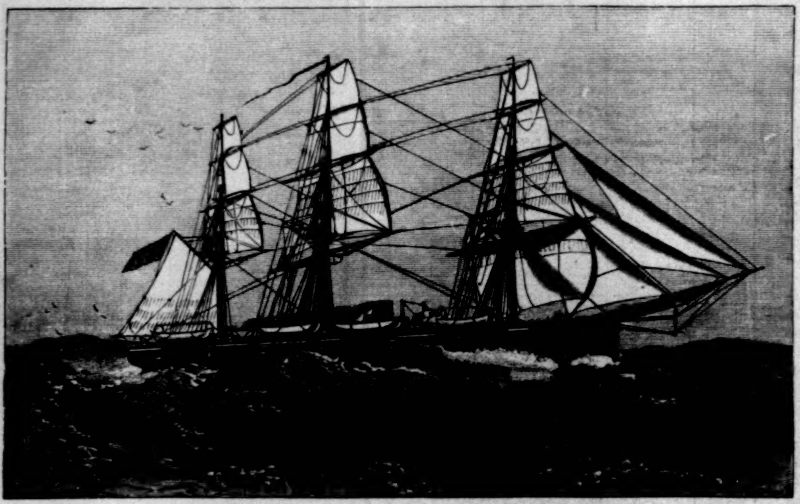
CHART NO. 2.—Prepared by Lieutenant John P. Finley, Signal Corps, U.S.A.



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "VANDALIA."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. H. W. WHITAKER, U.S.N.



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "NIPSIC."

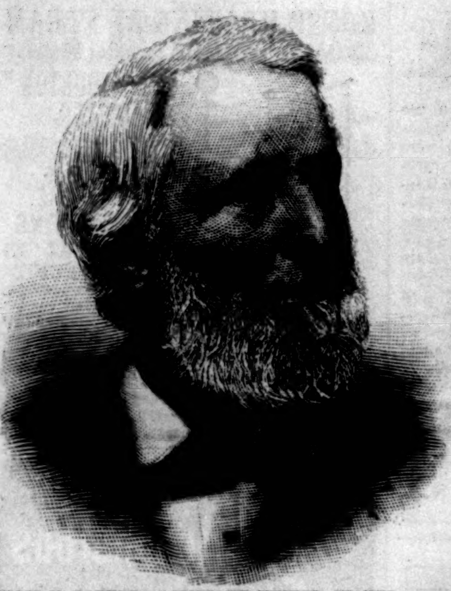


THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "TRENTON."

At times the hurricane track veers favorably; and then again word is sent round to expect the worst. Then a general gloom settles upon everything. First there is heavy, steady rain for a day or two, accompanied by a darkness that seems to increase. It is then that extra provisions are sent for, and everything worth keeping is carried in-doors. Everybody is depressed by the necessity of barricading against and fighting the atmospheric enemy. Heavy hurricane shutters, made especially for the purpose by a carpenter, are drawn over the doors and windows, and fastened with huge bars and bolts. Wedges and nails are driven into the doors and windows, excluding both light and air, and near the equator the heat becomes stifling in rooms so tightly closed. Ornaments, books, and pictures are placed in a heap on the floor, and covered with blankets to keep out the dampness. Vessels in the harbor go to sea to escape destruction, and all business is suspended. When a hurricane lasts a week, which is very unusual, everything in-doors seems to steam with moisture, owing to the excessive humidity. Note-paper becomes something like blotting-paper, and that on the walls becomes damp. Meantime the hurricane roars and thunders without, and people must shout to be heard even in a room closed tight. The house sways, creaks, and groans in a threatening manner, as if it would presently fall. No one dares so much as venture into the street, fearing injury from flying tree branches and other débris. After several days of this tremendous uproar — the hurricane may have simply paused and rotated without moving on—the imprisoned inhabitants wake some morning and find pleasant weather. But it is found that most of the leaves are stripped from the trees, branches are carried away, and the landscape is covered with surface ponds and streams of foaming, rushing yellow water. Many trees are blown into the sea, and tangled heaps of vegetable rubbish appear everywhere. The careful accumulation of storm data by modern meteorologists has been of great service to mariners. The laws observed in hurricanes and typhoons—the latter are especially severe kinds of hurricanes common in the China Sea and the Indian Ocean—as developed by recent investigations of their paths, will lessen their destructive effects, owing to anticipations of their motions and knowledge of the best means to escape them. The typhoons of the Indian Ocean and the China Sea manifest as great violence as the South Pacific hurricanes. In some instances the typhoon tracks form a huge circle before moving along their usual course off the coast of Asia. In a typhoon which took place in September, 1882, reported by DECHEVRENS, the centre of destruction, as charted, cut a huge oblong curve and thence back upon its track, which it resumed at a point very near the one where it turned southward on its immense circular course. At the time of making these abnormal curves the typhoon usually attains its greatest severity. One of the most destructive typhoons on record, doubtless fully as severe as the storm that destroyed the men-of-war at Apia, occurred over the Philippine Islands October 20, 1882. Its track was notable for the sharpness of its curves. Fifteen vessels were blown ashore, and five men-of-war were severely damaged. In this case it was officially reported from the observatory at Manila, on Luzon Island, that the wind attained the tremendous velocity of 120 miles an hour: the March blizzard when exerting its greatest power off the Atlantic coast reached a wind velocity of only 90 miles an hour. The temporary lull of eight minutes while the calm spot in the centre of the hurricane was passing was soon followed by the rush of wind on the opposite side of the whirling circle at the rate of 118 miles an hour.

THE LATE CAPT. C. M. SCHOONMAKER, OF THE "VANDALIA."

THE HARBOR OF APIA, WITH MEN-OF-WAR AT ANCHOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. H. W. WHITAKER, U.S.N.



ELLIS H. ROBERTS, ASSISTANT UNITED STATES TREASURER AT NEW YORK CITY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MUNDY.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

JOHN HICKS, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO PERU.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

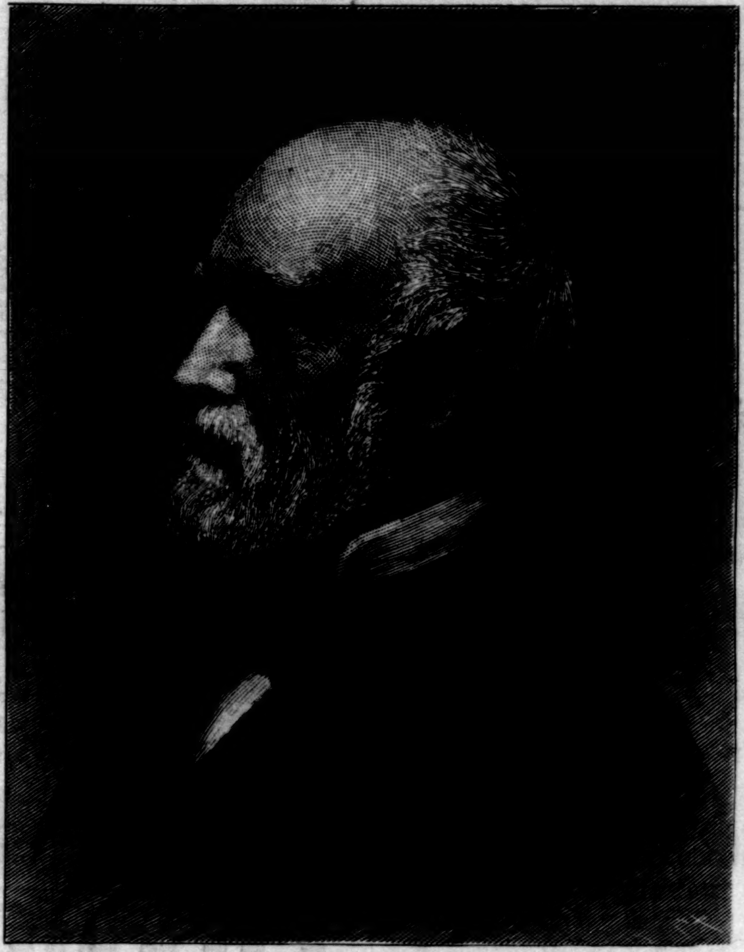
A distinguishing characteristic of hurricanes of the Atlantic Ocean, as shown in FINLEY's chart of the West Indian hurricanes during more than one hundred years, is the great length of their tracks, of which a number begin near the Cape Verd Islands, off the coast of Africa, cross the Atlantic Ocean to Florida, and thence move north-east to Iceland. One of the interesting traits of the tracks on chart No. 1 is the extension of the typhoons, modified into common ocean storms as they move north into the territory of the United States on the Pacific coast. One of these typhoons dwindled into nearly nothing at San Francisco, and then moved across the United States and became the great March blizzard. A vessel caught at sea in a hurricane is sure to be lost unless well made. It has been observed that one with a rounded hull, and with its sides pinched in at the deck, best withstands the furious blasts. Owing to its rotundity it rolls easily, causing its masts to take an almost horizontal position, leaving relatively little projecting surface to catch the wind. Those who have been exposed to the wind while trying to look over the bulwarks during a hurricane have been thrown down as if struck by a club. Steamers have been stripped of nearly all their upper works and rigging down to the bare hull, but this has doubtless been facilitated by the shock of great masses of water, which often break iron-work and cause other serious damage. The spray is impelled through the air with such speed that in time a salt deposit or dust seems forced into the rigging and the interstices of the wood-work. A blinding cloud of water particles is emitted from the sea and the storm cloud, and at times there are continuous gusts that blow the crests from the waves.

The most destructive hurricane on record seems to have occurred in the West Indies from October 4 to 7, 1844. The usual rotary motion, against that seen in the hands of a watch, was clearly demonstrated from the records taken at various points. In the harbor of Havana, remarkable for its security, EVERETT HAYDEN recalls the fact that seventy-two ships were capsized, dismantled, and driven ashore.

One of the recent achievements of the Hydrographic Office was the issue by Lieutenant GEORGE L. DYER, Hydrographer, of a special chart containing the tracks of twenty-three of the most important West Indian hurricanes observed during several successive years in August, since 1830. But probably the most valuable contribution to hurricane science in recent times was the translation by Lieutenant DYER of a complete and able treatise written by Padre BENITO VIÑES, S.J., of Havana. It includes the latest deductions made by this great Spanish meteorologist, who has done much to verify the discoveries made by REDFIELD, MAURY, and PIDDINGTON.

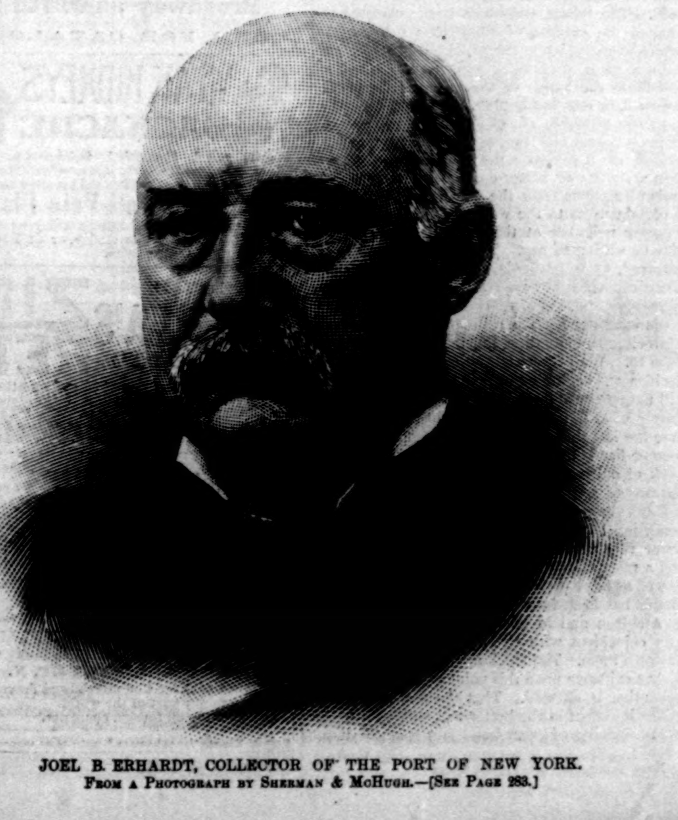
GLAISHER discovered in the course of several of his balloon ascensions that the contrast between the upper and surface air currents is unusually marked during midsummer. Professor WILLIAM BLASIUS demonstrates that this great contrast in temperature must cause very violent vertical atmospheric disturbances in the tropics, owing to the great difference in temperature between the upper and lower air currents. Unquestionably the lessening contrasts of temperature as tropical hurricanes trend northward cause their fury to wane. VIÑES's investigations and his co-operation with the Hydrographic Office and the Signal Service have added to the scientific reasoning of BLASIUS an element of historical value, and one that operates to save many thousand lives and much valuable property. The studies of cloud formation and of hurricane prediction made by VIÑES are of incalculable value. He finds that the approach of a hurricane from the tropics—these facts also apply to the region of the Samoan Islands—is first indicated by the presence of a bright, dry, clear sky and transparent atmosphere. The upper regions soon become hazy, and clouds resembling white and delicate feathers or great plumes stretch across the sky. Halos are seen, of which the well-known ring around the moon is an example, and which denote the approach of a violent storm. He records the fact, also observed by EVERETT HAYDEN in the tropics, that at sunrise and sunset the horizon sky is remarkable for its red and violet tints. HAYDEN has carefully described the singular cloud movement at the beginning of a hurricane. He finds that the small masses of rolling white cloud increase in size, and that careful observation reveals their slow movement toward a central point. As these patches of cloud expand, local showers and heat-lightning give the sea and sky a more sinister, threatening appearance. Finally the heavy-looking cloud bank, denoting winds of hurricane violence, rises slowly above the horizon, accompanied by rolling wind clouds and light rain. Many squalls, showing marked rapidity of movement and of intensity, begin to appear as the cloud bank rises higher. The rolling masses first seen are replaced by plumes of light-colored mist that unmistakably radiate from a centre. VIÑES noticed that the rising lines of dark vapor are found upon a nearer view to consist of cone-shaped dark clouds that become still darker near the surface of the sea. The band of darkness near the horizon seems fixed, but the squalls and flying scud clouds follow one another across the line of vision, revealing the rotary motion of the hurricane. These are marked characteristics, seen in no other kind of an ocean storm, and indicate great violence, in accordance with a well-known atmospheric law of accelerating force. When the wind is blowing at the terrific velocity of one hundred miles an hour as the central region of calm is approached, the blinding sheets of spray, mist, and rain are overrun by low-flying clouds that move with great speed. This well-known "eye of the storm" is metaphorically a curious prison-house surrounded by circular walls of terrible revolving force. In some of the furious typhoons of the China Sea the navigator in reaching this central refuge has a breathing spell of only eight minutes' duration, when the wind changes to the opposite direction, and his vessel must make its way out of the vortex with a repetition of his struggles. So few have succeeded in getting into and out of this central place of rest that it is not easy to obtain definite details of the experience.

In this relatively small area there are immense irregular waves dashing against one another in great confusion, above which may appear patches of clear sky. The rate of progress is very slow at times. In one of the typhoons of the China Sea described by DECHEVRENS the storm centre seemed almost stationary, and hovered for several days north of Formosa. As a rule, the hurricane progresses along at a rate of twenty miles an hour, and so violent is its action that it sends a long rolling swell a thousand miles in advance.



THE LATE JACOB SLEEPER, OF BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

CORNELIUS VAN COTT, POSTMASTER OF NEW YORK CITY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS.—[SEE PAGE 283.]



JOEL B. ERHARDT, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHERMAN & MCHUGH.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

RAILROAD CONSOLIDATIONS.

There has been a change in the atmosphere of Wall Street during the last few days, which, although it cannot as yet be positively accounted for, indicates that something of more than usual importance has been accomplished beneath the surface. The manifestation of a change has been most pronounced in the market for the stocks of the Missouri Pacific and of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe companies, and at this writing the current reports are that those two interests have agreed upon a close alliance. It may be that these reports are premature, but they are so plausible that they are worth considering seriously. The Atchison Company has been driven to such extremities by the sudden and unwise expansion of its system of roads that it has become a weak corporation. It has become so weak that the bankers who gave the concern a credit it did not deserve have had to come to the front and request the stockholders to co-operate with them to save it, if possible, from a forced reorganization. The fate of weak concerns is to be absorbed or crushed out of existence by their stronger competitors. The Atchison system cannot be annihilated, and it is too large to be absorbed by any of its neighbors or competitors. Besides, none of its neighbors is sufficiently strong at present to impart strength to the Atchison system by consolidation or other form of merger. But a coalition that would be of value to all could be formed, and that, according to the information now at hand, is what is likely to take place.

It is entirely reasonable to assume that a strong and comprehensive alliance will be formed by all of the great systems traversing the region west of the Mississippi to the Pacific coast and south of San Francisco and St. Louis. The same development that is forcing other industrial enterprises to combine is at work in the region referred to, namely, excessive competition. The result is bound to be the same. The exact form of the alliance connot be predicted, nor is it essential to know in advance what it will be. It is sufficient to appreciate at this time that the necessities of the Atchison Company are so great, and of the Missouri Pacific too, for that matter, that self-preservation has inspired them to extend their arms to each other. The same conditions exist further North, in the so-called Granger territory, where similar results may be expected. Indeed it is already rumored that the recent concentration in the hands of prominent branches of the voting power upon Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul stock is for the purpose, among other things, of bringing that company into close relations with the Chicago and Northwestern Company.

The tendency of railroad corporations to sink their identity in large systems is not new, nor is it confined at present to any particular locality. Overbuilding in the West and Southwest has intensified the tendency in those localities, but it may be noted everywhere. An important amalgamation has just been practically completed in what used to be called the Western States—that is, Indiana and Ohio—whereby the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, and Chicago and the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis roads become one concern. Other consolidations in the same region are definitely hinted at. The Richmond and West Point Terminal Company is constantly aggregating the railroads in the South, while the New York and New England Company has been coquetting for years with its powerful competitors.

While this tendency is not new, it is a singular fact that the national legislation that was devised in response to the demands of those who regard large aggregations of capital with disfavor is one of the factors that accelerate consolidations of railroad companies. In the main the Inter-State Commerce Law has benefited the railroads, against which it was directed, quite as much if not more than it has the patrons of the roads. The "long and short haul" clause has changed the current of trade in a number of important cases, while the provisions compelling uniform rates practically legislate the weaker roads into the hands of the stronger ones. A new road, or one that is placed at a disadvantage by reason of the length of its line or the lack of proper terminal facilities, cannot make both ends meet unless it performs the service at a less rate than a shorter or better equipped line. On the basis of uniform rates the weaker or poorer line is certain to go to the wall, and be taken by its stronger neighbor at the price the last-named may be willing to pay. This same legislation, if enforced, as is probable, will prevent new construction. It seems likely, therefore, that an era of consolidations and of the unification of railroads is at hand. The railroad men themselves appreciate the situation, but the public does not seem to. Wall Street is gradually waking up to the idea and beginning to appreciate it. The time will unquestionably come when every one will see clearly what is going on to-day, but in the mean time the law that is helping to force it will have become firmly fixed on the statute-books, and the work of uniting the roads will have made material progress.

From the point of view of the investor the tendency must be regarded with favor, as it means fewer rate wars, great economies in operation, and a more stable market for railroad securities, as well as more certain returns from them. Proof of this has been furnished by the sharp advance in Atchison and in Missouri Pacific stocks that was coincident with the reports of an alliance between them. The stock-market invariably furnishes evidence upon this point every time a consolidation is effected. That the public will not suffer is shown in the better and cheaper service that has followed every important consolidation.

C. A.

New York, *Saturday, April 6*, 1889.

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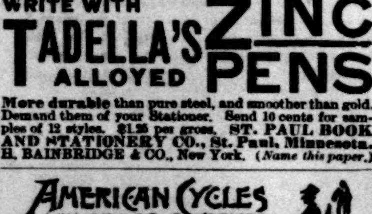

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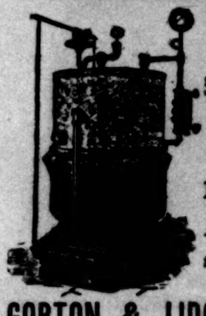

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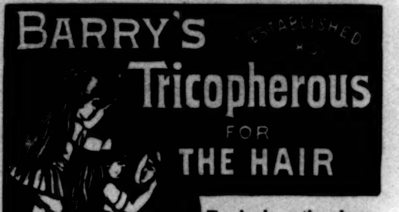

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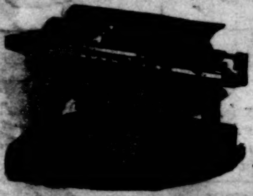

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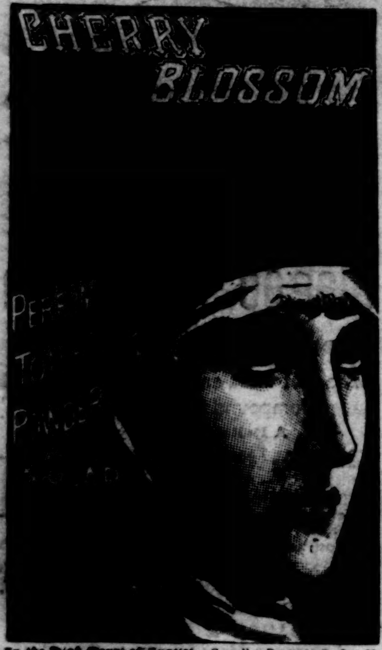

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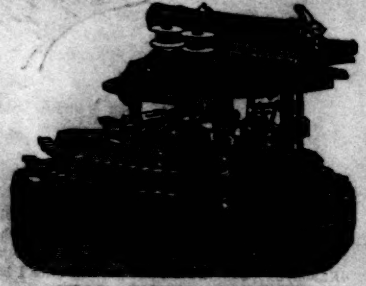

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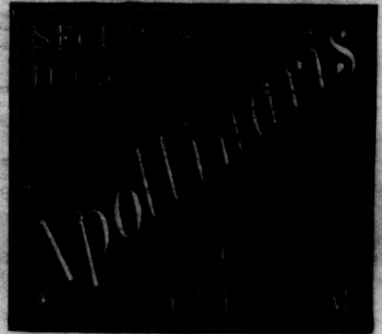

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COMMERCE ON THE GREAT LAKES.

BY OSBORNE HOWES, JUN.

WHOEVER studies the map of North America cannot fail to be impressed by the immense natural opportunities for commerce offered by the chain of the great lakes—a linked waterway which, if the St. Lawrence River is included, carries, by the removal of a few slight intervening barriers, the possibility of extending ocean navigation to the very centre of the continent. If a line be drawn from the borders of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the shores of Puget Sound, it will be found that the western end of Lake Superior comes about midway in the measurement. In truth, this great waterway is our American Mediterranean; and if the temperature throughout the year between the degrees of forty and forty-five north latitude were the same on the continent of America that it is on the continent of Europe, the entire industrial, and with it the social and political, development of our people would in consequence of these inland seas have run in lines altogether different from those which they have followed during the last three centuries. But waterways which are open but seven months out of the year have in the past, more than the present, presented obstacles to industrial effort not readily overcome. There have been other difficulties in the way, such as the rapids on the St. Lawrence, the falls at Niagara, the flats at the entrance of the St. Clair, and the rapids in the Sault Sainte Marie, not to speak of quite a number of other places where dredging is still needed before the lakes can be opened to ocean commerce; but with the possibility of navigation all the year round, it is not saying too much to assert that these impediments would have been overcome in the early years of this century, and the great West on the line of the lakes would have grown up simultaneously with the Eastern sections of our country. This is, no doubt, mere speculation; but the use that was made of this waterway by the French Canadians, who had penetrated far into the Northwest before our ancestors had crossed the Alleghany Mountains, proves the strong tendency of trade to follow up and utilize the means of transportation which navigable water affords, while the reports which two generations ago were current in the Eastern States of the intensely cold winters of the lake regions witness to the effect which this annual ice embargo had upon the popular imagination. It can indeed be said that the major part of the immense commerce now carried on upon the great lakes has been the result of railroad construction; that is, water-borne has followed and been subsidiary to land transportation, reversing in this respect what has been in the past the ordinary methods of development. Even at the present time the greater part of lake transportation comes eastward no farther than Buffalo; a fact partly to be accounted for by its domestic character and the influence of the connecting railroad systems, and partly also by the purely artificial hinderances which a political separation of this continent throws in its way.

Still, after making the deductions due to natural and artificial obstacles, it remains to be said that the commerce of the great lakes has in the last few years made enormous progress; and, what is more, it promises in the future to greatly exceed its gains in the past. It is still in its infancy, for it is only within the last half-dozen years that those engaged in the lake trade have begun to fully comprehend the possibilities that lie before them. So long as the trade was carried on in sailing vessels it was obviously impossible for it to make much headway. The risk of getting caught in the ice shortened the season of activity at both ends; and even when steam came into use, the wasteful and cumbersome marine engines of the early period did not afford a sufficient margin of saving in water transportation to offset the many advantages which land carriage could offer. The vessels built for passenger travel were in many respects similar to the lightly constructed craft used for short trips on our Atlantic seaboard; but freight steamers did not make their appearance until some time later, and when they came they were intended rather to tow barges loaded with freight than to carry cargoes themselves. After the close of our civil war, when the ocean merchant tonnage of the United States sank into insignificance, quite a number of those who had been in one way or another connected with it went to the West and interested themselves in lake navigation. These men took with them a knowledge of naval construction and of the methods and requirements of navigation which was exceedingly valuable, and which insensibly and gradually produced a revolution in the commerce upon the lakes. Most of their predecessors had gathered their knowledge of naval architecture and of maritime duties from experience gained on the canals and on Western rivers—a species of instruction valuable in its way, but not calculated to produce either the type of craft or the type of sailor needed for successful and safe navigation upon lakes where at times some of the severest tempests and heaviest seas have to be encountered. The lakes had not been in touch with the seaboard, and the great progress that had been made on the latter was not reflected by a corresponding advance made on the former.

Dating perhaps twenty years ago, a decided change began to take place in the character of the vessels intended for the lake trade. It came to be recognized that the ocean type of construction was the more desirable, modified by the necessity the ship-merchants on the lakes were under of having a sufficiently light draught for their vessels to permit them to safely pass over the various points of the great trade routes where there was but a slight depth of water. This change, as has been said, was gradual; indeed, in the mere matter of construction the lake builders have, until quite lately, been several years behind the ship-builders on the sea-coast in their utilization of improved methods. They persisted in using wood to build the hulls of their vessels years after it had been virtually discarded on the Atlantic, and the use of the compound and triple marine steam-engine was in the main postponed in an almost unaccountable manner. But whatever their failures to promptly grasp new ideas may have been in the past, no such charge can now be laid to their account. Within the last few years the lake ship-yards, notably those of Cleveland, have turned out lake steamers which, in adaptability for the service they have to perform, answer in every respect all of the needs that the subsisting demands of the trade present. This applies rather to freight than passenger steamers. Years ago it was discovered that the lightly built side-wheel passenger steamer was by no means a suitable craft for use on long trips upon the lakes. Severe storms are not infrequent, and ports which could be sought for shelter are not as numerous or as conveniently placed as could be desired. Realizing the dangers to be faced, the managers of lines of steamers used in part for passenger transportation abandoned side-wheels for propellers, though still retaining many of the structural characteristics of the former type of craft. But beyond this point they have not, with one exception, made much advance. The vessels that they have in use are presumably safe, but they are essentially old-fashioned. They are built of wood, stiffened by means of great hog-frames, and with their cumbersome upper works compare to great disadvantage with the ocean passenger steamers which daily enter and leave our Atlantic seaports. Besides this, their speed is slow, averaging certainly not over ten knots per hour, while the accommodations which they furnish for passengers and their baggage leave a great deal to be wished for. This is to be regretted, because a trip through the lakes from Buffalo to Duluth can easily be made to be one of the pleasantest and most attractive excursions that an American can make during a short summer vacation. It has not only most of the charms of a sea-voyage, but also certain merits that are peculiarly its own, and one who has breathed in the vivifying air of the mid-waters of Lake Superior, and has seen one of the marvellous sunsets of that great lake, must needs have travelled far and under exceptionally favorable conditions if he can recall in his experience parallel instances of physical refreshment combined with æsthetic enjoyment. Nor is it strange that this should be so. The chain of great lakes is by long odds the longest fresh-water area in the world, and hence affords opportunities which can be found nowhere else. The physiological benefits of a sea trip are well known; those of a trip on fresh-water are not so well defined, but can be clearly demonstrated only by experience on our great lakes. The trip is certainly worth taking, even if its discomforts were greater than they really are. But the first step toward an improvement in this respect has already been taken. The iron steamers which the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company has placed upon its line across Lake Superior and a part of Lake Huron are fast, well-built, and well-equipped boats. In appointments and service they are no better and perhaps not equal to some of the best American sea-board lines of steamers; but they are decidedly superior to the ordinary passenger lines upon the lakes, and can hardly fail, by their competition, to force the managers of American passenger lines to greatly improve upon their present methods of doing business. So much for the passenger traffic, which has, however, no direct applicability to the subject under consideration.

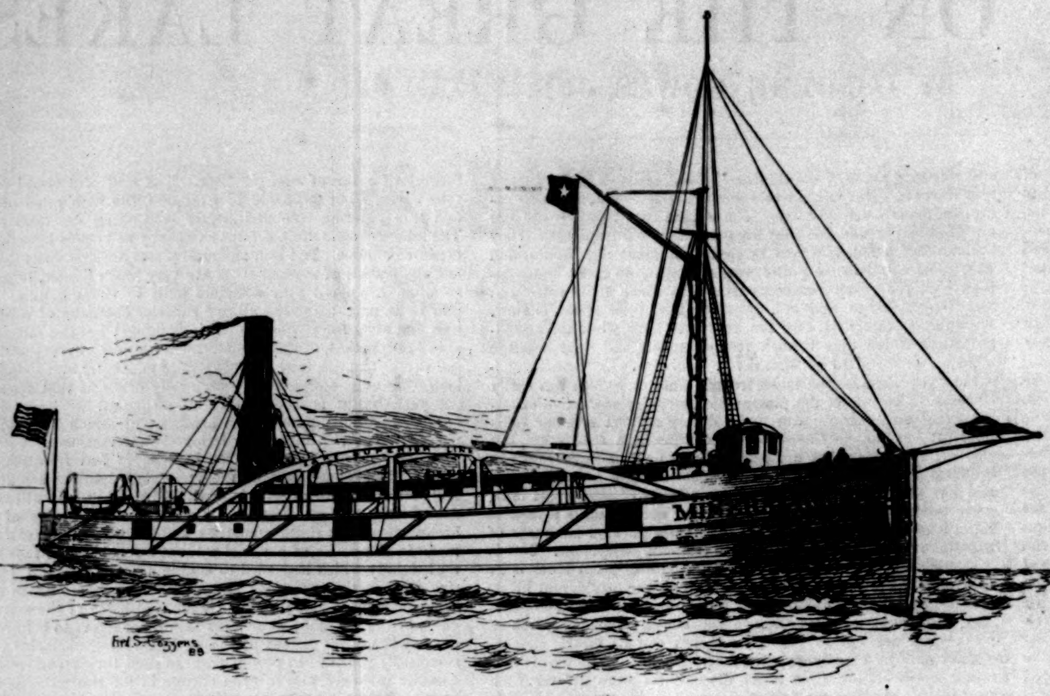
GRAIN ELEVATORS AT DULUTH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COMPANY.

The owners of the towing steamers and barges plying upon the lakes were not long in discovering that the change they had made from sail to steam was only the beginning of a progressive development. Taking the entire chain of lakes, and the average of the last ten years, navigation may be said to open May 1st, and close December 1st. The opening of navigation at Buffalo would be on the average about three weeks earlier, closing, however, at about December 1st; and the same remark would hold true of the Welland Canal and the Strait of Mackinac; but this does not essentially qualify the statement that the lake ship-owner has but seven months within which he must do the business of a year. The disadvantage with sailing vessels was that the number of round trips which could be made by them in this limited period of time was uncomfortably small, so small that even in the absence of railroad competition the lake freighting business, under such conditions, could never have had a rapid development. The dangers of early and the risks of late navigation tended to decrease the length of a business season, which at best was annoyingly short. Of course when steam was introduced as a means both of propelling freight vessels and of towing barges loaded with cargo a great gain was secured. The ship-owner could make contracts agreeing to take so many thousand tons of coal from Erie to Duluth, or so much iron ore from Marquette to Cleveland, with entire confidence in his ability to complete the agreement before the close of navigation. But it must have been obvious from the first that in lake transportation, with its seven months of activity and five months of idleness, rapidity of motion was a quality even more essential to success than in sea transportation, where voyages could be made all the year round. This fact has been brought home to the lake ship-merchants by two important conditions which materially control their business. First, in the seven months of open navigation they have to earn their expenses and profits for the year, and second, they have to do this in competition with some of the best-equipped railway systems in the world. Two round trips more or less may make all of the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful season. For these reasons high speed, which can be obtained at not too great a consumption of fuel, and rapid despatch in loading and discharging cargoes, are essential factors not only to the profitability of the business but to its very existence. Indeed, it may also be said that if it had not been for the improvements in the methods of handling cargoes and the invention and use of the compound and triple marine steam-engine, the commerce of the lakes, in its largest features, would before this have practically disappeared, and the millions of tons of freight now annually carried by vessel would have been transported by rail.

But the ship-merchants of the lakes perceived in time the narrow limits within which they were compelled to work, and whatever want of enterprise they may have shown in past times has been abundantly offset by their recent readiness to adapt adequate means to necessary ends.

The iron and steel steamers intended for freighting business that have been put into commission during the last year or two are not surpassed for the purposes for which they are intended by any craft in the world. These steamers have a carrying capacity of from 2500 to 2800 tons each, with a speed of from 12 to 16 knots per hour. The average complement of officers and crew is 18 men all told; and to cover the distance of from 280 to 380 miles per day they consume in their furnaces from a half to three-fourths of a ton of coal per hour. The cost of a vessel of this type varies from $135,000 to $150,000, the high price of steel and iron entering into and largely controlling the total outgo. The lake steamers are not built as heavily as vessels intended for ocean commerce. The iron and steel plates are ordinarily thinner, and the frames of most of them are very much lighter, especially so when compared with steamers built in Great Britain. This may be in part due to the alleged superior character of American iron and steel for purposes of ship-building; but the more probable cause is that, as the lake steamers are never in service during the winter months, they do not have to encounter and sustain the long-continued storms which ordinarily occur at that season of the year. Still another source of structural weakness is the number and dimensions of the hatches with which the decks are pierced. The rule invariably followed—for reasons that will appear later on—is to have these hatches 24 feet from centre to centre. The dimensions of the upper-deck hatches are 26 by 8 feet, and the between-deck hatches 16 by 8 feet. It will be evident to any one who has even a superficial knowledge of naval architecture that these numerous and large openings cannot be made in the decks of a vessel without a considerable sacrifice of that rigidity which is needed to enable a vessel to stand for a series of days the buffetings and strains of a severe ocean storm. This comment is made for the reason that some of the more sanguine of the lake ship-merchants believe, or affect to believe, that the day is not far distant when now intervening obstacles will be sufficiently removed to permit them to send their steamers to the Atlantic seaboard, and to even engage in the transatlantic trade. They look forward with hope to the time when they can take a cargo of grain direct from Duluth to Liverpool, or can find in the Atlantic coasting trade employment for their steamers during the five months of closed navigation on the lakes. It is not improbable that before these anticipations are realized the structural character of the lake steamers will need to be materially changed; but the difficulty in the way will be how to give to their frames the required strength and at the same time retain those peculiar features, such, for example, as their large and numerous hatches, which are now so essential to their profitable employment. Then, too, there is another side to the picture. The American ship-merchants have at the present time by far the larger share of the commerce of the lakes; but if an open waterway for ocean steamers is provided from the Gulf of St. Lawrence up to and through the lakes, then Chicago, Milwaukee, and Duluth will become to all intents and purposes seaports, and our English cousins will not be slow in taking advantage of this new opening for their shipping trade. When the lake ship-merchant sends his steamers across the Atlantic to Liverpool he will find English steamers at most of the great lake ports competing with him for transoceanic business. In such a struggle he will realize more keenly than he now does that the high cost of the materials out of which his vessels are constructed is a serious obstacle in the way of his commercial success. The chances are that under such conditions he will be compelled to follow the melancholy example of his countrymen upon the seaboard, and permit the English merchant to take the foreign business and content himself with the coastwise trade. The practical realization of such a change in conditions is still some distance in the future. The natural obstacles are so numerous that at the present time the maximum draught of a lake vessel is but 16 feet, as to go beyond this depth would frequently make it impossible for her owner to send her through the Sault Sainte Marie River, or to have her visit a number of lake ports where profitable freights are to be obtained. This limitation on draught would need to be overcome before the ordinary ocean steamer could make her appearance on the lakes, while most salt-water sailors will doubt whether the light-draught lake steamers could safely be employed upon the ocean. In constructing these large steamers the ship-builders of the lakes have frequently had to contend with one difficulty which is rarely encountered on the seashore. The ship-yards in Cleveland front upon what is little more than an enlarged canal. To build a vessel several hundred feet long and launch her from the ways, stem on, in the conventional method, would be impossible, for her length might be almost the width of the waterway.

On the Clyde the narrowness of the river is overcome by having the stocks upon which the ship is built placed so as to front down one of the ranges of the stream, and the vessel is launched stem on down the river, instead of across it. But in Cleveland even this method cannot be or is not adopted. The vessels are launched from the ways broadside on. To those who have never seen this operation performed the chances of having the ship turn over on her side after the shores have been removed, and she has started on her trip to the water, would seem to be greatly in-



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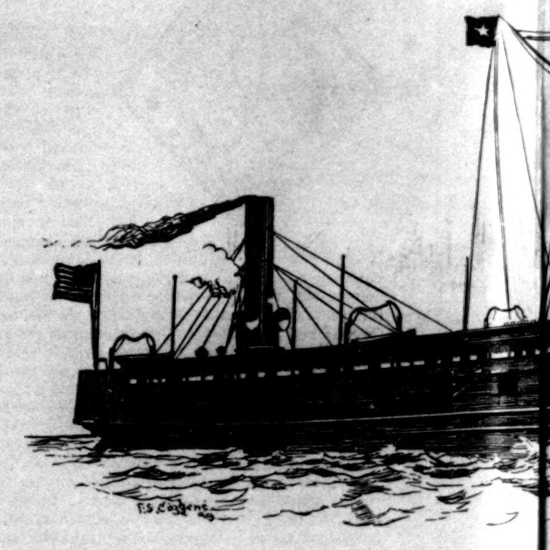
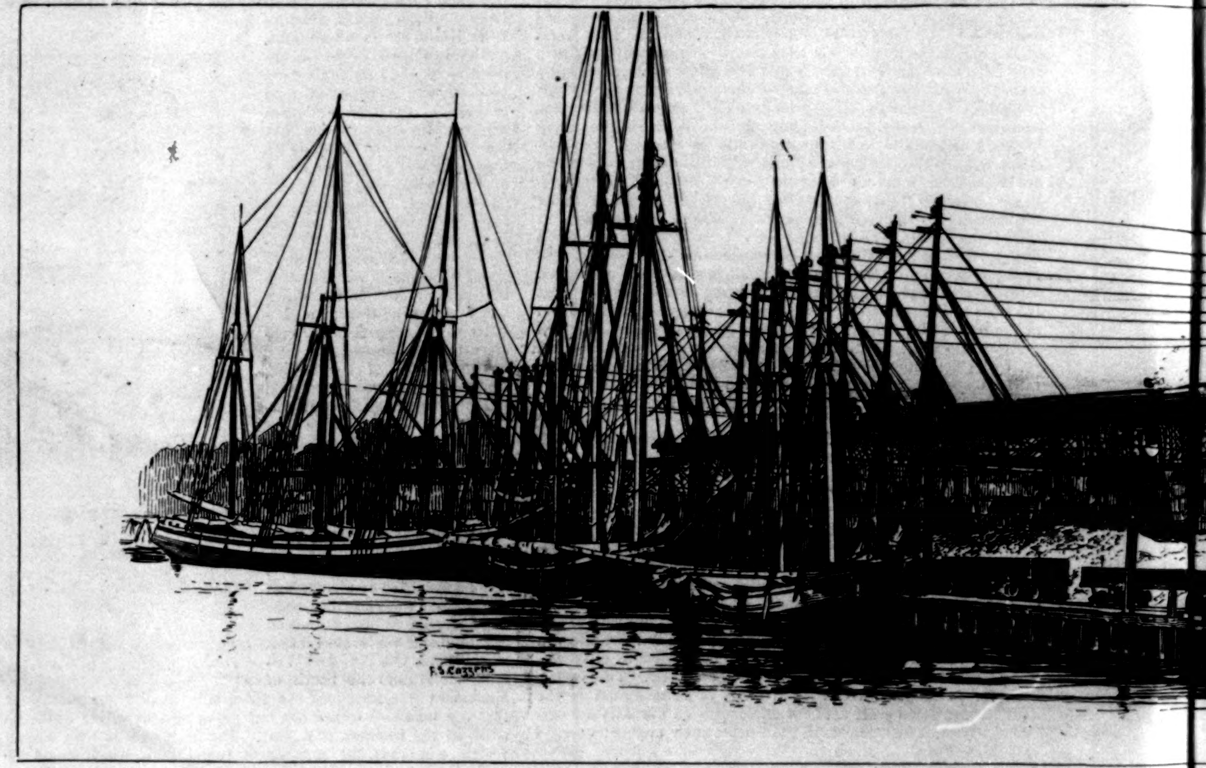


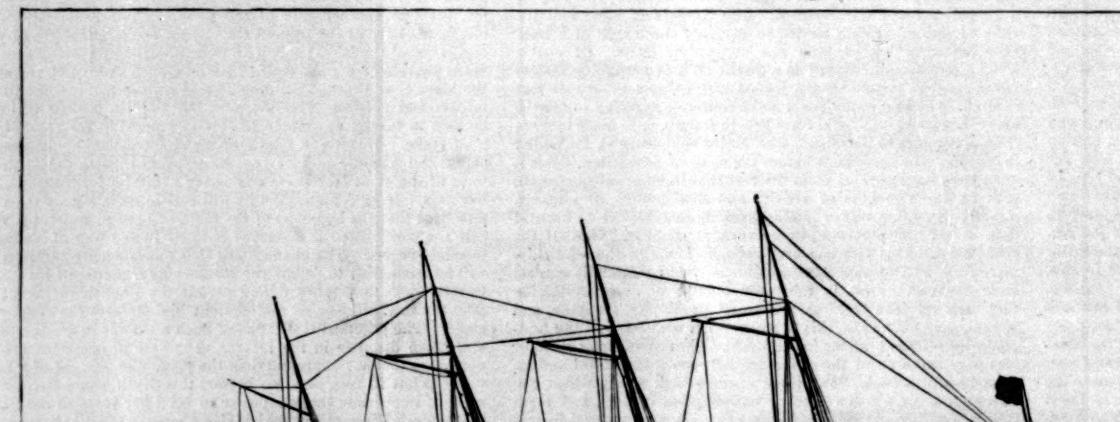
THE "PEWABIC," OF WHITING'S LINE; BUILT IN 1862; LOST BY

creased. But the skill of the builders is more than equal to the added responsibility they assume, and mishaps due to miscalculation are no more frequent in the West than in the East. The launch itself is, however, devoid of a large part of the fascination that attaches to an event of this kind on the seaboard. The ship does not shoot gracefully off from the ways and plough through the water for some distance. On the contrary, she rubs down the ways, maintained in an upright position by props and wedges, and then drops into the water with a sudden splash, moving at most but a few score feet from the place where her keel was laid.

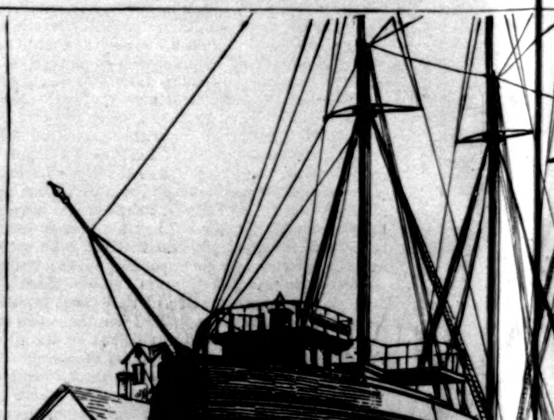
Having had one of these large and fast-sailing freight steamers turned over to him by her builders, the owner's concern is how to employ her to the best advantage. Roughly speaking, she can make during a season fourteen round trips, estimating that it will take eighty hours to steam from Buffalo to Duluth. The larger part of the lake commerce is directly or indirectly controlled by the ship merchants and brokers of Cleveland. The place is centrally located, the amount of tonnage hailing from the port is large, but what is of more importance, it is conveniently situated for the purpose of commanding certain of the great lines of business. The enormous shipments of ore from the Lake Superior iron mines are chiefly received either at Cleveland or the neighboring and tributary port of Ashtabula, while from these two ports is sent a considerable part of the bituminous coal which is needed and used in large quantities in various parts of the lake regions. The shipments of anthracite coal are principally made from Buffalo and Erie, chiefly from the former port, these local exports amounting in 1888 to 2,541,905 tons. Nearly half of this fuel for household use was sent last year to Chicago; Milwaukee, Duluth, Superior, and Toledo taking the next largest amounts, in the order named. Buffalo has also the indisputable advantage which comes to it as the receiving-point of most of the shipments of grain and flour, while no small part of the logs, lumber, shingles, etc., sent by water from the timber regions of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior finds its way to her docks. As the lake end of the Erie Canal, and as a point where competing lines of railway serve to occasion low freight rates for merchandise intended for the seaboard, Buffalo possesses many advantages over her lake rivals. And yet, in spite of these, it seems to be admitted that her ship-merchants do not have as large a control of the



THE NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, AND OHIO RAILROAD DOCK AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, SHOWING THE OPERATION

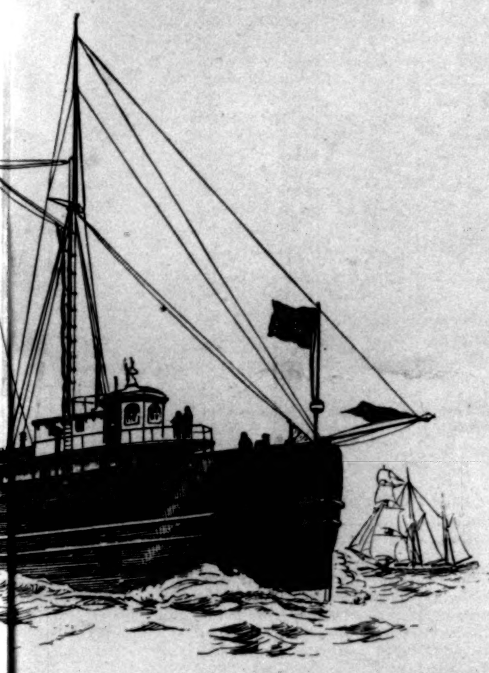


THE "NEOSHO"; BUILT IN 1888; CARRYING CAPACITY, 2400 TONS; SPEED, 14 MILES AN HOUR.

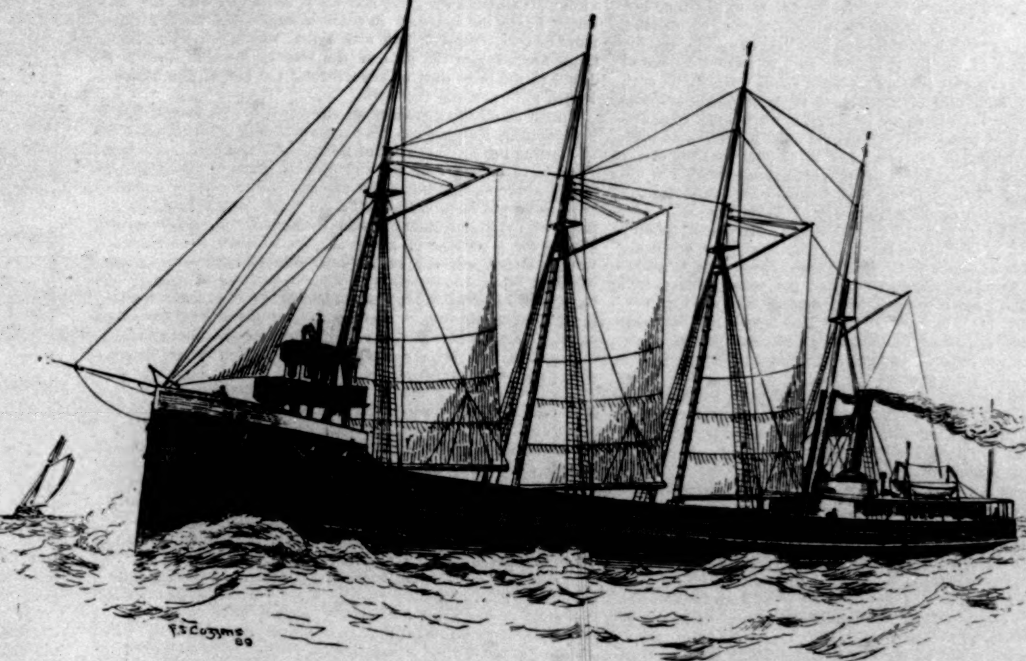


THE "JOHN CRAIG"; BUILT IN 1888 ON THE LOCK BETWE
CARRYING CAPACITY, 2200 T

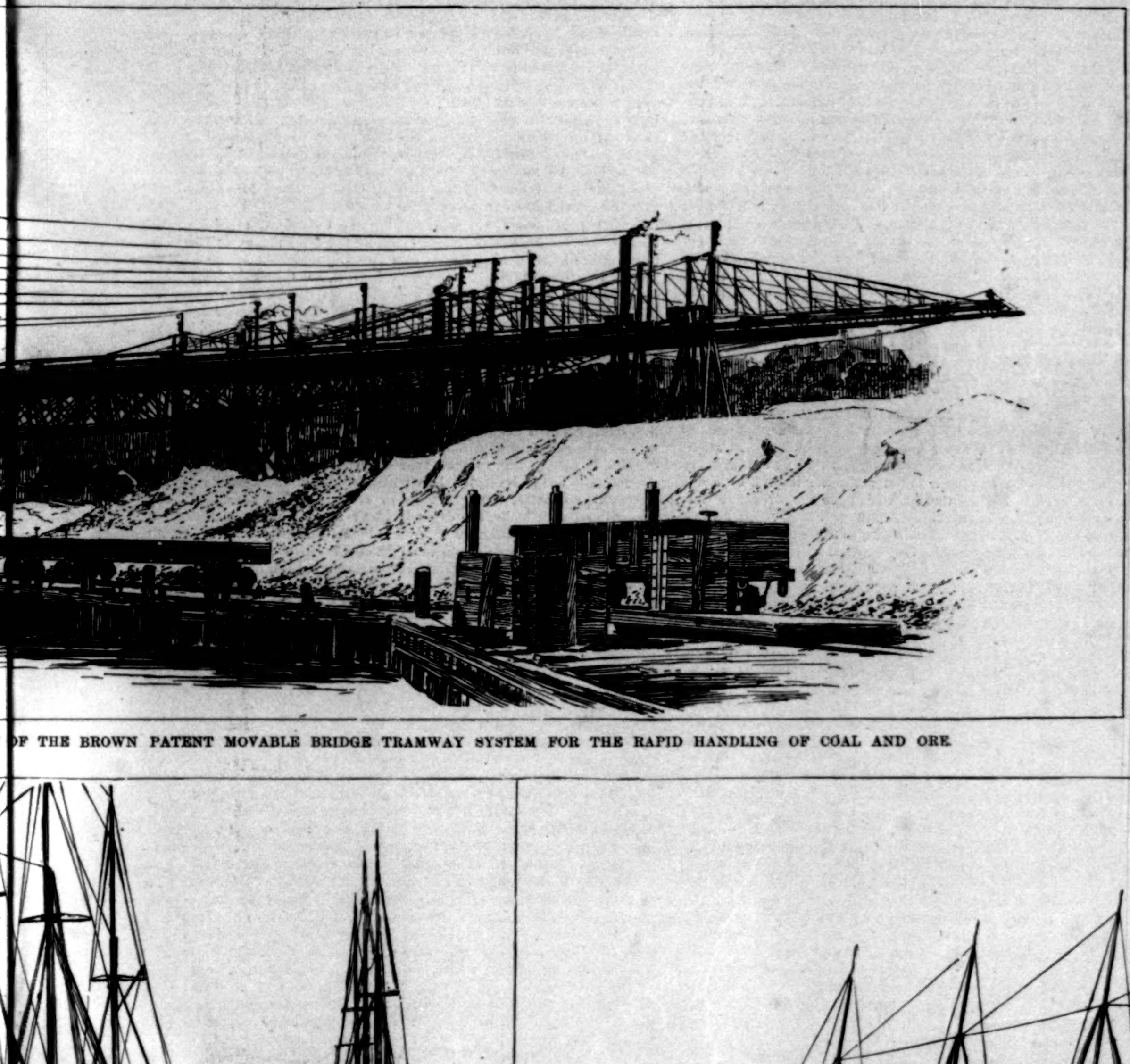
COMMERCE ON T



OLLISION WITH HER SISTER SHIP THE "METIER" ON LAKE HURON.



THE "CUMBERLAND"; BUILT IN 1881; CARRYING CAPACITY, 1900 TONS; SPEED, 10 MILES AN HOUR.

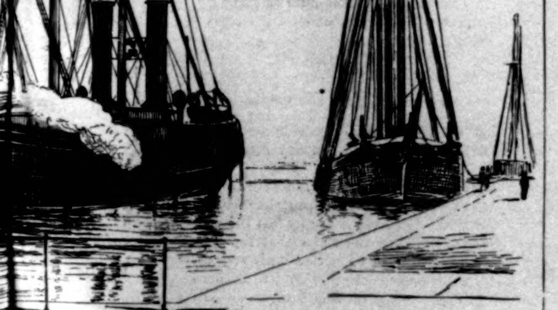


F THE BROWN PATENT MOVABLE BRIDGE TRAMWAY SYSTEM FOR THE RAPID HANDLING OF COAL AND ORE.

lake trade as their Cleveland associates in the business. This is said to be due to the more progressive and enterprising character of the Cleveland merchants. Cities, no less than individuals, have their special lines of development, for which it is difficult to account. There was no obvious reason why, thirty years ago, when we had an ocean merchant marine, Boston should have been a much larger ship-owning centre than New York city, especially when New York supplied these ships with the greater part of their American business. Yet such was the case; and a natural aptitude for lake navigation seems to be a special gift of the Cleveland merchants, enabling them to easily gain and maintain the supremacy.

There are few places where business is more actively carried on than in the office of a Cleveland ship-broker during the height of the season of lake navigation. The charters made are all of short duration, the average trip from port to port covering not more than four days; and a steamer has no sooner been chartered to take, say, a load of coal from Ashtabula to Duluth, than it becomes necessary to provide a return freight, either of grain from Duluth to Buffalo, or of iron ore from some of the other Lake Superior ports to Cleveland. Every day that a steamer is disengaged is so much lost time; to go any distance in ballast in search of employment involves a loss both of time and money, and the season is altogether too short to permit a ship-owner to recover lost ground if he fails on two or three occasions to make these proper connections. The lake ports are all connected by telegraph, and this means of communication is freely used. The Cleveland ship-brokers are hourly informed of the needs of tonnage at all of the points of shipment, and of the rates which shippers are willing to pay for the tonnage they wish to engage. For this reason it ordinarily happens that no sooner does a captain of a vessel report by wire his arrival to his owner, than he immediately receives instructions as to his next trip. Frequently a ship-owner charters his steamer for three or four trips in advance, relying on the well-known celerity with which cargoes are loaded and discharged.

This naturally brings to consideration what is one of the most remarkable features in the great development of lake navigation, that is, the extraordinary facility shown in the rapid handling of freight. As has been said above, the season of lake navigation



LAKE SUPERIOR AND THE SAULT SAINTE MARIE RIVER;
NS; SPEED, 10 MILES AN HOUR.

THE "CORSICA"; BUILT IN 1888; CARRYING CAPACITY, 2800 TONS; SPEED, 14 MILES AN HOUR.

E GREAT LAKES.